

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1891.

THE ISLAND OF CEYLON.

BY WM. S. WALSH.

Illustrated from photographs kindly loaned us by R. C. Pineo, late of Ceylon.

IF flattery be dangerous to its recipient, then Ceylon is the spoiled child of geography. From the remotest period to the present time it has been the subject of constant laudation. It is supposed to have been the Ophir and Tarshish of Solomon. It was the Taprobane of the Greeks

resplendent." The Hindoos poetically style it "the pearl-drop on the brow of India." The Chinese know it as the Island of Jewels. English poets break into raptures over it. One styles it

"The best and brightest gem
Of England's orient diadem."



OLD BANYAN-TREE ON GALLE ROAD, CEYLON.

and Romans, who were enthusiastic over its spicy breezes, its natural beauty, and its abounding jewels. The Mahomedans of the Asiatic continent have always looked upon it as the elysium provided for Adam and Eve after the fall in order to console them for the loss of Paradise. The Brahmins call it Lanká, "the

And another sings the following pæan :

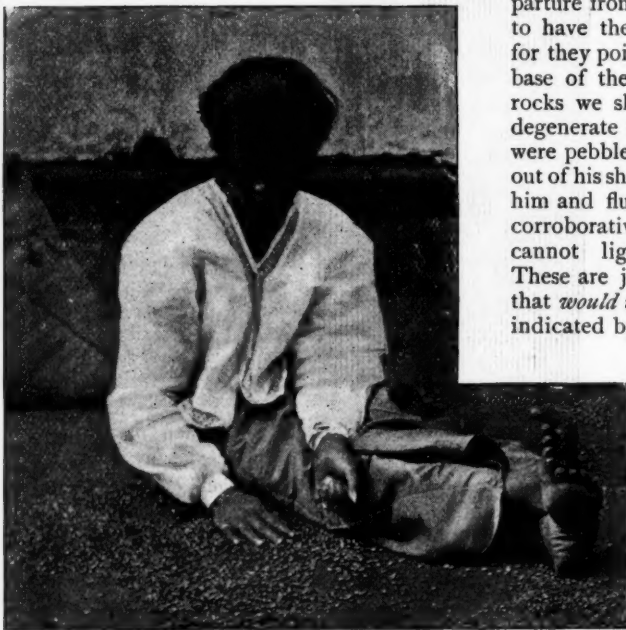
"Ceylon ! Ceylon ! 'tis naught to me
How thou wert known or named of old,
As Ophir or Taprobane
By Hebrew King or Grecian bold.

"To me thy spicy wooded vales,
Thy dusky sons and jewels bright
But image forth the far-famed tales—
But seem a new *Arabian Night*.

"And when engirdled figures crave
Heed to thy bosom's glittering store—
I see Aladdin in his cave;
I follow Sindbad on the shore."

Nor is it only poetical and imaginative minds which have thus given voice to their feelings. Hard-hearted men of science have helped to swell the chorus. Ernest Haeckel calls it a paradise, describes how he wandered, "intoxicated with delight," from plant to plant, from tree group to tree group, "unable to decide which of the countless wonders was most worthy of my attention." He declares that the most difficult task of any he had accomplished in Ceylon was that of bidding farewell to this enchanting region of the earth, in which he had spent six of the happiest, as well as most interesting months of his life.

Ceylon is famous in history as well as in literature. As intimated in the poem we have just quoted, it was the scene of some of Sindbad's adventures—indeed it was the Serendib of the *Arabian Nights*.



SINHALESE GIRL CLEANING COFFEE, CEYLON.

Captious critics may object that the *Arabian Nights* is not authentic history. Perhaps the same order of critics would refuse to believe that Adam himself, the father of the human race, and therefore of human history, made Ceylon the scene of his penitence after the fall, and stood for one thousand years on one foot at the top of the mountain of Samanella. Proof of this is ready to hand. He left the imprint of his foot behind him, fully five feet in length, outshining the fabled stories of pedal Chicago. Hence the mountain is also known as Adam's Peak. Buddha, too, passed many years on the island, praying and preaching. The same evidence is adduced to support this historic thesis—indeed, the exact similarity of the evidence is rather bewildering to the careful historical student, respectful toward the voice of authoritative tradition, yet anxious to reconcile it with his reason. For lo! the Buddhists claim that the Sripada or sacred foot-print is not Adam's but Buddha's, that the latter left it behind him on his departure from Ceylon, and they seem to have the best of the argument, for they point out two stones at the base of the mountain—good-sized rocks we should call them in our degenerate days—which they insist were pebbles that the prophet took out of his shoe because they annoyed him and flung to the winds. The corroborative value of this evidence cannot lightly be disposed of. These are just the kind of pebbles that *would* annoy a foot of the size indicated by the Sripada.

Buddha, however, has left other witnesses of his visit. Various relics of the prophet, including his collar-bone, his tooth, and his begging-dish, are preserved in the dhagobas.

In all seriousness, however,

there is no region between Chaldea and China which can tell so much of its past deeds as Ceylon, while the ruins of its ancient capitals in palaces, temples, dhagobas, and vaults, are only second to those of Egypt in vastness of extent and architectural interest, pointing to a past of great splendor and magnificence.

Dropping fable and legend, the authentic history of Ceylon begins (B. C. 543) with the invasion of Wijeyo, the son of a petty sovereign on the mainland, who subdued the aboriginal Yak-khos and founded a dynasty that held sway over the island. The followers of Wijeyo and their descendants took the name of Sinhalese from the name of his father, Sihala, and it is still applied to the dominant part of the population and to their language. The history of the Sinhalese dynasty is of the most varied and interesting character, indicating the attainment of a degree of civilization and material progress very unusual in the East at that remote age. Long, peaceful, and prosperous reigns were interspersed with others chiefly distinguished for civil dissensions and foreign invasions. The kings of Ceylon, however, had given sufficient provocation to foreign rulers when in the zenith of their power in the twelfth century the celebrated king Práknama Báhir not only defeated the rulers of Southern Indian States, but sent an army against the king of Cambodia, which, proving victorious, made the distant land tributary to Ceylon. But early in the fifteenth century a Chinese army overran the country and made the king a vassal

of China. But the most persistent enemies of the Sinhalese were the Malabar princes, who for centuries continued to make incursions against the Sinhalese until finally the entire northern portion of the island became permanently occupied by the Tamils. So far had the ancient power of the kingdom declined that

when the Portuguese first appeared in Ceylon, in 1505, the island was divided among no less than seven rulers. The gradual encroachments of the Portuguese met with fierce resistance, but for a century and a half they held the maritime provinces by force of arms until, in 1656, they were finally expelled by the Dutch, under whose dominion the island remained for another century and a half. In 1796 the English drove out the Dutch, and their possession of the island was confirmed to them by the peace of Amiens, March 27th, 1802. But the native sovereigns still clung to their mountain fastnesses. At length, in 1815, the seizure of British traders in Kandy by King Wikrama led to a war with England. Kandy was taken, Wikrama was formally deposed, and his territories were annexed to the British crown. From that period to the present the government of the island has been administered by



PALM-TREE, CEYLON.

a succession of British governors.

Ceylon, as most people know, is an island of some twenty-four thousand seven hundred and two square miles, lying in the Indian Ocean to the southeast of India, from which it is separated by the Gulf of Manaar and Palk Strait, though on the northeastern side it is well-

nigh connected with the mainland by the Island of Ramisseram and a coral reef called Adam's Bridge.

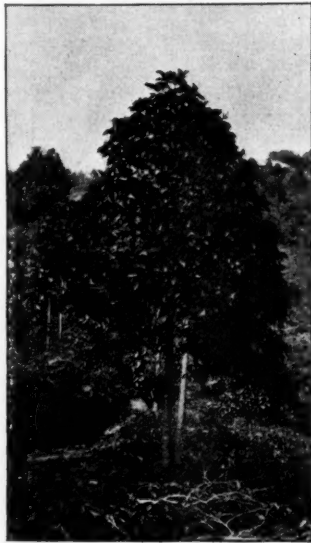
The population comprises some three million inhabitants. Of these, two million, or fully two-thirds, are Sinhalese. They devote themselves mainly to agriculture and planting, but shirk hard work upon the shoulders of the Malabaro or Tamils, who are the builders, carriers, coachmen, and day laborers of the country. Next to the Sinhalese and Malabars the Indo-Arabians, or Moormen, form the most important part of the native population of Ceylon, both as to number and influence. Most of the retail and wholesale trade of the island is in the hands of these active and enterprising descendants of the sons of the desert, who, long before the advent of the Portuguese, conducted the principal commercial interests of the island. Their money-making faculty has earned for them the title of the Jews of Ceylon.

The lowest classes, the now outcast Rodiyas and Veddahs, are the remnants of aboriginal inhabitants, and, according to all appearances, are of a type originally inferior. The Rodiyas are found only in the Kanyan districts. Their numbers at present amount only to a few hundred. Persecution has thinned them out. They were formerly excluded from villages, forbidden even to build houses, to till land or learn a trade; could not enter a court of justice or Buddhist temple, and were employed in all menial and repulsive offices, and when their numbers seemed to be unduly increasing they were officially decimated by gunshot. These barbarities have been done away with under British rule. But their consequences still

exist. The Rodiyas are filthy in their habits, are imbecile in mind, and are generally shunned as reputed thieves.

The Veddahs, more familiarly known as Wild Men, belong also to an inferior race, and are descendants of the original race whom the Sinhalese invaders found in possession of the island. A portion may have amalgamated with their conquerors through intermarriages, but an unmixed remnant was gradually thrust into the mountains and jungles of the southeast part of the island. They are

divided into two classes, the village Veddahs and the coast Veddahs. The first are differentiated from the others rather by their habits of life than by any physical peculiarities. Their occasional contact with more civilized races has insensibly led them to cultivate land and to construct houses; and during late years an attempt has been made to introduce Christianity and a system of education among them. The jungle Veddahs, on the other hand, have no dwelling-houses of any sort, but pass their time in the open air. They roam about the forests, taking shelter behind a rock or inside the hollow of a tree when a



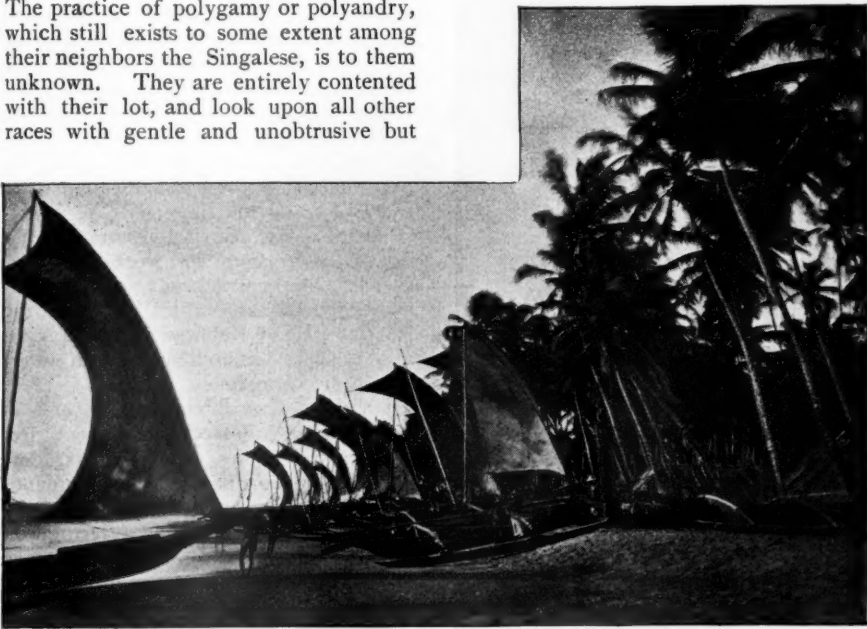
CINCHONA-TREE (QUININE), CEYLON.

storm comes up. They live on game, which they kill with the bow, being very expert in the use of the latter arm. In appearance the Veddahs are distinctly non-aryan. Their flat noses and thick lips distinguish them in a marked degree from the Oriental races living in their neighborhood. Their countenances are not absolutely devoid of intelligence, but their coarse flowing hair, their scanty clothing, and their personal uncleanness present a picture of extreme barbarism. They hold that washing themselves would make them weak. It is

a remarkable circumstance that though they are easily moved to tears they never laugh. Nay, the sight of any one laughing produces in them an expression of disgust. "Do you never laugh?" asked an Englishman of one of them. "No, why should we? What is there to laugh at?" was the answer.

They are very abstemious, drink nothing but water, and refuse tobacco with remarkable unanimity. But they are entirely devoid of any sentiment of religion. The practice of polygamy or polyandry, which still exists to some extent among their neighbors the Singalese, is to them unknown. They are entirely contented with their lot, and look upon all other races with gentle and unobtrusive but

hapura, as wonderful in its way as Pompeii or the great forest-grown cities of Central America. It was the ancient Sinhalese capital, one of the greatest cities in the world at the time when Babylon and Nineveh were at the height of their magnificence, when Rome and Carthage were still in their infancy. It is situated in a lovely spot amid the green valleys and wooded hills of the interior of the island. Wherever the eye turns there

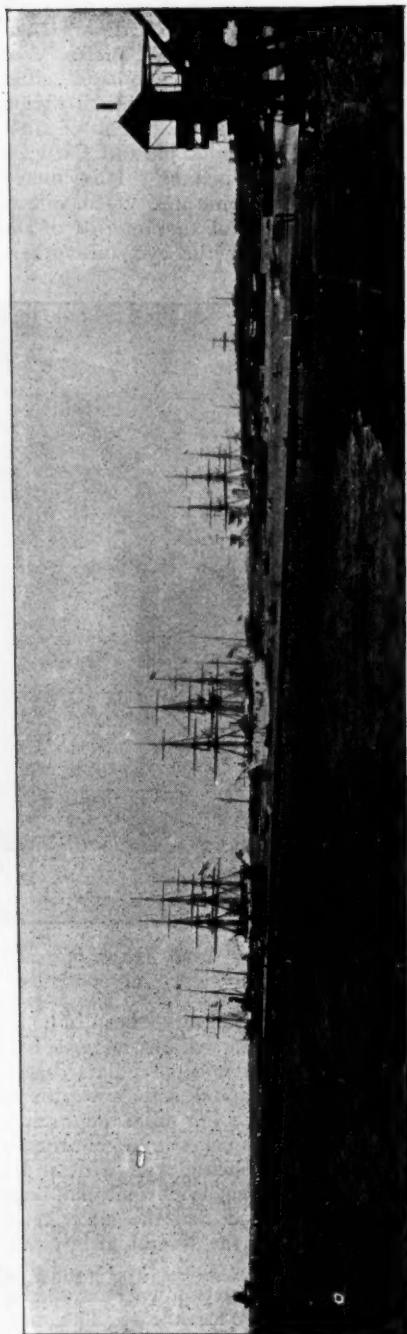


FISHING BOATS, CEYLON.

none the less deep-grained contempt. The distinctions of caste are unknown among them, all are equal, belonging alike to a superior order of beings. They always used to speak of the king as Hura or cousin.

The extent and beauty of the architectural remains of the great ruined cities in the interior of Ceylon deserve to be more widely known than they are. There are many of them, and all are full of archæologic and artistic interest. Most wonderful of all is the city of Anurad-

hapura, wondrously beautiful, of shrines, dhagobas, pavilions, *wihares*, and groups of tall monolithic pillars carved from base to capital with a wealth of Oriental imagery. For miles the forest is strewn with these majestic monuments of a long-since-perished glory. So vast are some of these great brickwork buildings that it is reckoned that the material of one dhagoba, of the several at Anuradhapura, would be sufficient to build a wall more than ninety miles long, twelve feet high, and two feet thick. The enor-



COLUMBO HARBOR, CEYLON.

mous artificial tanks or reservoirs of this city might almost be included among the wonders of the world, so vast are the great *bunds* (dams) that confine the waters, and so marvelous their construction.

These reservoirs are a feature of ancient Ceylon. There are some thirty colossal reservoirs, and over seven hundred smaller tanks in the island. Most of them are in ruins, lying embosomed in thick forest growth, their shining waters solitary save for the flocks of waterfowl upon them, and the crocodiles floating lazily on the surface, their once busy banks deserted save by bands of chattering monkeys which haunt them by day, and herds of darkness-loving elephants, which, at night-time, leave the inner depths of the forest and come there to bathe and drink.

But of recent years the restoration of a few of these magnificent works of irrigation has been carried on by the Government, and the largest of all of them, the lakelike tank of Kalawewa, built in A. D. 460, to supply Anuradhapura with water, has been completely restored. Once again as of yore it contains an area of seven square miles of water, twenty feet deep, and supplies smaller tanks more than fifty miles distant. An abundance of water is a necessity in a rice-growing country, and the complete restoration of these ancient water-works will prove one of the greatest blessings of the English rule.

Ceylon is one huge tropical garden. Haeckel calls it a botanical Eden. Its flora, its fauna, and its other natural wonders form an unending study and an unending delight for the biologist and the botanist. Coral reefs and beds of pearl oysters abound along the coast. Palms and creepers bend down to meet "the league-long rollers thundering down its shores." Grassy pathways run to hills clothed to their summit with the most varied forest trees and shrubs and bushes. Fig-trees, banana-trees, acacias, laurels, myrtles, ferns, and callas abound as well as a bewildering variety of flowering shrubs, dotting the forests and the hillsides with gorgeous noseays.

The agricultural interests of the country are many and varied. Chief among these are the cultivation of rice, of spices of various sorts, especially cinnamon—Ceylon cinnamon is the finest in the world—of tobacco, of the cocoanut and other palms, and more particularly the planting of coffee and tea, to which the past rapid and ever-increasing prosperity of the island are mainly due, and on which its future position largely depends.

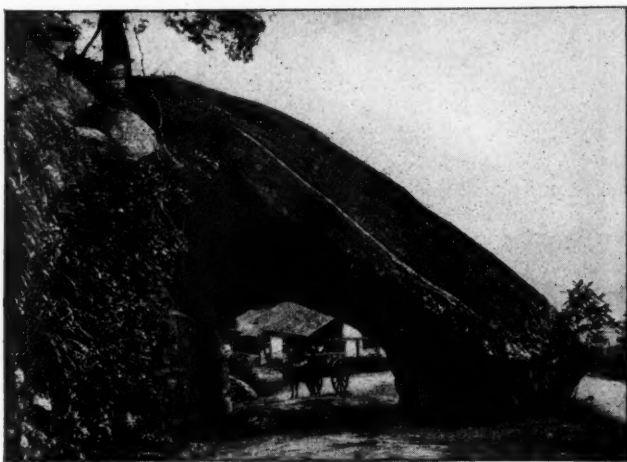
Coffee was introduced at a comparatively early era by the Arabs, but the first attempt at systematic cultivation was made by the Dutch in 1740. Not much progress, however, was made by them. When the British took Ceylon and up to 1812, the annual export had never exceeded three thousand cwt. Under the fostering care of successive governors the industry steadily increased until 1837, when it experienced a sudden "boom" which raised it to the most prominent position among Ceylon industries.

Well might Sir William Gregory say, in 1876, when answering complaints that the general revenue of the colony was being burdened with charges for railway extension and harbor works, benefiting chiefly the planting industry, "What, I would ask, is the basis of the whole prosperity of Ceylon but the coffee enterprise? What gave us the surplus revenues, by which I was able to make roads and bridges all over the island, causeways at Mannár and Jaffna, to make grants for education and to take measures to educate the masses—in short, to promote the general industry and enterprise of the island from Jaffna to Galle—but the re-

sults of the capital and energy engaged in the cultivation of coffee? It follows, therefore, that in encouraging the great coffee enterprise, I shall be furthering the general interests of the community."

He was building even better than he knew. He was not only fostering the coffee trade, but he was furnishing equal facilities for the rise and development of an even mightier industry which was to throw all other Ceylon industries into the shade—the cultivation of tea.

The mere statistics of the latter are interesting as showing the startling rapidity of its development.



ROCK AND POST-CART ON POST-ROAD, CEYLON.

In 1873 the total export of tea from Ceylon had been 23 pounds, and the total area of tea plantations 250 acres. In 1880 the total exports had risen to 162,575 pounds, and the total acreage to 9,274. In 1890 there were no less than 250,000 acres under cultivation, and the exports were 46,000,000 pounds. The total value of the tea-planting area, including nurseries and such preparing and curing material as has been provided, cannot now be taken at less than twenty-five millions of dollars.

Mr. J. M. Murray, writing of the wonderful growth of this industry in Ceylon, says:



TAMIL GIRL PICKING TEA, CEYLON.

"When I first went to Ceylon in July, 1876, a few acres of tea might have been found and pointed out as a curiosity. It was then of no value. Looking from my verandah in Dimboola, I could view a 'sea' of coffee, green, healthy-looking and bearing one of the heaviest crops known. To-day, from the same spot, not a coffee bush can be seen, but only tea! tea! tea! A deadly fungus, attacking the coffee leaf and causing it to drop off, has caused this change. Old King Coffee has gone and Tea reigns in his stead. The old coffee store has become the tea factory, the bagful of ripe red 'cherry' coffee is seen no longer; the basketful of green tea leaf has taken its place.

"No sooner was it known that coffee was doomed than the Ceylon planter put his shoulder to the wheel and began to change the face of the country and to alter its staple from coffee to tea. This resulted in the most astounding success in the annals of 'extensive' cultivation.

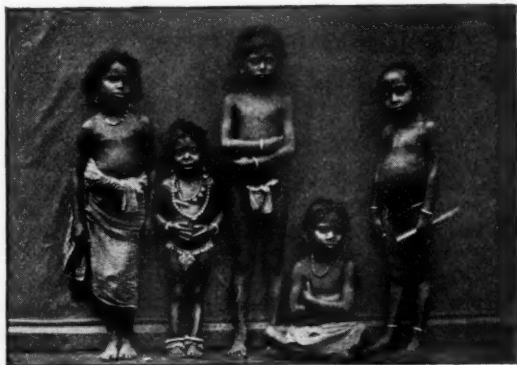
"Tea is a shrub indigenous to India—not imported from China. It is planted

out on the estate generally as a small nursery plant, in line and at measured distance from its neighbors. It grows at any elevation, but quicker at a low elevation. I have known tea grow higher in one year than I could reach at a low elevation, while in the high districts it would take two or three years to attain the height of say six feet. When fully matured it is pruned down to twenty inches, the result being a flush of young wood. This is what is wanted for 'leaf,' but to allow the bush an opportunity to give us a surface to pluck from it is left a time. The leaf is then plucked, not from the sides, which increase the surface, but the top. Two leaves and a half are used for manufacture, those lower down being considered too coarse.

"In plucking, we have three grades of tea, viz., the terminal leaf bud, and the very small leaf, called 'Flowery' or 'Orange' Pekoe. Then comes the medium leaf, called 'Pekoe,' and lastly the largest and coarsest, called 'Pekoe Souchong.' All are plucked and put in the basket indiscriminately, to be sifted out after manufacture.

"Twice a day the baskets of tea leaf are taken to the factory and spread out thinly on canvas to wither—that is, become soft and pliable."

The leaf thus spread out in the evening would be ready for rolling next day. It should be observed that the withering



TAMIL CHILDREN, CEYLON.

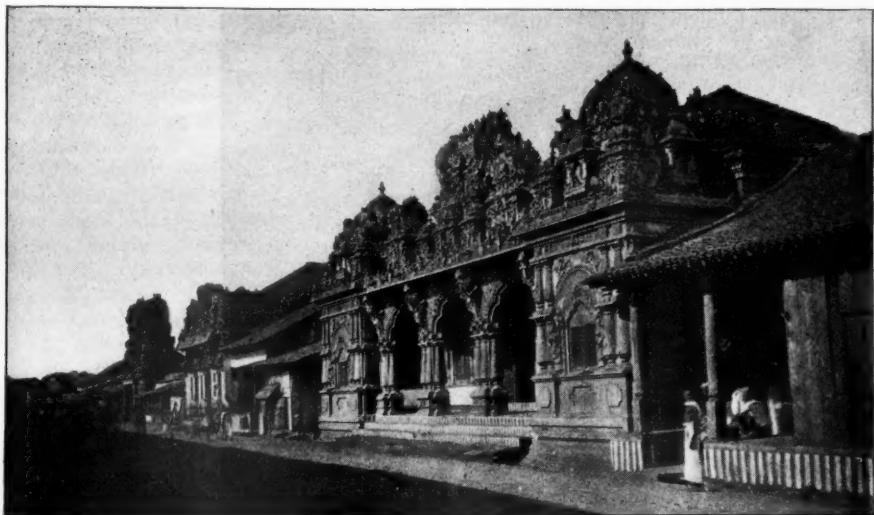
takes place in the interior of the factory, not in the sun.

When sufficiently withered the leaf is let down through a funnel into the "roller," which has taken the place of the hands and feet of the great unwashed.

This machine consists of a receptacle for the leaf, on which pressure is automatically applied. The rolling surfaces, which move at right angles to one another, but appear by a peculiar crank motion to be revolving, are made of wood, so that the tea leaf does not come in contact with any metal.

tea is right. When it is, comes the firing. Several machines have been invented for this purpose, but I presume the sirocco is the one most commonly used. This is a machine which looks like a very large T, and is known as the T sirocco. Along the top are trays upon which the leaf is spread thinly. Below is the furnace and hot-air pipes heating, if I remember right, to about one hundred and eighty degrees. Two coolies tend the machine—one at each end—and pass the trays through until it is black and crisp.

Now comes the classifying of the tea.



HINDOO TEMPLE, CEYLON.

The tea when rolled is received in a trolley from the bottom of the machine and appears like cooked spinach and green. If fired immediately it would be a pure green tea and would in process of firing turn black. It is, however, laid thickly on a table or in drawers for a season to oxidize, and in an hour it will have commenced to turn from green to a bright brown color. This is a matter which requires careful attention, as over-fermenting or under-fermenting alters the flavor entirely. Only the practiced eye can decide, and it decides at a glance, when the

Three grades have to be separated, and this is accomplished by sifting by hand or machinery, as the case may be. Through the fine sieves we get the fine Flowery Pekoe, next size the Pekoe, and the large leaf remains, all being cleaned and dusted before packing.

This completes the process of manufacture. There has been no adulteration of any kind, and all the operations have been performed in a factory so clean that one might almost eat his dinner off the well cemented floor. No smoking is allowed, nor is anything permitted which

could possibly contaminate the precious leaf.

The alteration in this trade has so alarmed the Chinese that fully five years ago the Chamber of Commerce at Shanghai sent a commission to Ceylon and India to investigate. The commissioners returned with the warning that if China did not send better and purer teas from her shores and open her gates to the foreigner with his machinery, she must eventually lose her export trade.

In order to insure the consumer that he gets nothing but pure unadulterated *tea*,

the planters of Ceylon have organized and incorporated themselves into The Ceylon Planters' Tea Company, and intend to look after the shipment and sale of their own tea.

This is a wise precaution, and we may hope they will take the same care of their trade with America, although we can hardly expect to compete with England if she is willing to pay one hundred and eighty-three dollars a pound for Ceylon tea—a price at which some was lately sold in London.



PRUNING TEA BUSHES, CEYLON.

A TWILIGHT SONG.

BY JAMES WALTER BROWN.

THE thrush has piped his last clear note
 To herald twilight's hour,
 And fragrant breezes gently float
 Around your silent bower.
 Now drops the dusky robe of Night,
 And, clasping it above,
 One jeweled star shines clear and bright—
 It is the Star of Love!
 Yet cold and cheerless seems its ray,
 Sweetheart! while you are far away.

The fountain, like a fairy lute,
 In tinkling cadence falls;
 And through the wood, with fitful hoot,
 His mate the owllet calls.
 The crescent moon behind the hill
 Creeps up, with silvery light;
 Yet round your bower I linger still,
 While evening grows to night,
 And count each weary hour a day,
 Sweetheart! while you are far away.

HEINE'S UNHAPPY LOVE.

BY PATTIE PEMBERTON BERMANN.

I CANNOT understand why Mr. Hitchcock, in his admirable volume, *Unhappy Loves of Men of Genius*, should have omitted the story of Heine's romantic attachment to his Cousin Amalie.

Certainly the subject is less hackneyed than any of those selected by Mr. Hitchcock, and more interesting in this, that we owe to Heine's passion a series of lyrics as spontaneously sweet as those of Robert Burns, songs lovelier than any that have yet charmed the German ear or tempted composers to wed them to melodies not less perfect than the songs themselves.

Wherever the German language is spoken, Heine's "Lorelie," "The Fishermaiden," and a hundred others are old familiar friends, while Schumann, Liszt, Rubenstein, every composer of note, has done his utmost to make them world-famous, beloved of musicians above all others.

It seems almost incredible that she for whom they were written should alone remain insensible to their beauty, yet it is recorded of her that she never read, never even patiently listened to a single verse addressed to her by the most ardent, generous, long-suffering lover that ever drew inspiration from an iceberg.

Strange that a man, whose own blood was warm within, should turn from responsive men and women in a vain effort to infuse blood into a statue! Stranger still that the wound inflicted by so insensate a creature as Amalie Heine should fester through half a lifetime, and leave a scar to the last!

Heine opens the wound now and then; he holds out the scar for our inspection, he laughs at both, but behind the laughter there are tears, the bitterest jeer has its pathetic ring. We know that he will presently turn away to cover his face with those delicate white hands lest we should see the sweat drops on his

brow, the brow of the *Ecce Homo*, the Christ-man whom he so often lashes with his irreverent pen, as he lashes everything, human and divine.

He is full of faults, poor Heine! There is no height he has not reached, no depth but he has touched it; the whole gamut of feeling is run in prose and verse, yet, whether he soars to heaven or sinks to hell, worships nature or scoffs at humanity, we must follow where he leads, laugh when he laughs, weep when he weeps, and pity, always, the woman who could continue deaf to such a voice.

But I am telling his story in advance.

Before Heinrich Heine had attained his seventeenth birthday, it was determined to send him to Hamburg, where his surly old uncle, Solomon, consented to receive him into his great mercantile house at a very small salary, with the understanding that if the nephew showed any aptitude for business, opportunities would be afforded him to rise, perhaps ultimately to become a member of the firm.

The precocious boy had nothing to recommend him but a ready sympathy and sparkling wit which made him a fascinating companion when he condescended to be agreeable, a cynical smile and razor-keen satire, always at hand, a dislike to the national beer as well as to tobacco in all forms, a rather foppish fancy for fine linen and lace ruffles, and a handsome person.

He was not more than five feet eight inches in height, but so slender as to appear taller, his features were refined to delicacy, the nose straight and only suggestively Jewish, the lips not too thin, but sensuous, the eyes deep blue and ever changing, flashing or melting with each passing emotion, the Christ-brow, already mentioned, and hands and feet better suited to woman.

How could he endure the dismal traffic-

laden streets of Hamburg, the gloomy walls of a prison merchant-house?

What, on the other hand, had a shrewd, money-getting Hebrew merchant to hope from such a specimen of the degeneracy of the Düsseldorf branch of the Heine family?

The genial current of Heine's soul froze in the presence of his grim old uncle, who, in turn, treated the boy with half-pitying contempt. And this attitude was maintained on each side until their final separation nearly three years later.

"Hamburg! *verdammtes* Hamburg!" is Heine's cry, reiterated in every letter of the time, repeated over and over whenever his thoughts wander to the hateful commercial city which he endured solely because it was the dingy casket that contained his jewel, the lovely Cousin Amalie.

Just when and how they met we are not told, indeed the whole affair is shrouded in uncertainty, this only standing out clear and undisputed, that love came to him at the first glance. The golden-haired girl, his junior by a year, captured him at once by her well-developed beauty and held him thereafter hopelessly enthralled. Whether, as some biographers maintain, she really loved him in return and practically betrothed herself to him; whether she simply beguiled her idle hours by playing with his affection; whether his passion led him into indiscretions that alarmed her, or whether she ever realized the ardor of his attachment, we can only surmise. Heine himself was so reticent, so loth to speak of this passionate love of his youth save when it burst forth in the "Songs," that the matter must always remain a subject for speculation so far, at least, as the woman's conduct is concerned.

Nevertheless I confess to a belief that Amalie was a daughter after her father's heart, a practical German maiden in whose life sentiment played but a small part, that abnormal creature, a young girl who regarded marriage from a purely business standpoint, and I cannot help thinking the poet was well rid of her!

Be that as it may, one wishes he had

foreseen the misery, the heart-aches that were to follow in the train of his passion, or that he had earlier made his escape from detested Hamburg and his Lorelie. As it was he presently resolved to set up in business for himself, probably in the desperate hope that he could thus commend himself to Uncle Solomon as at least a possible suitor for his cousin's hand.

Of course the experiment resulted in total failure, the sign, "H. Heine & Co." was ignominiously hauled down, and Uncle Solomon informed his nephew that his prospects of becoming a successful merchant were about as unlikely as his marriage with the king's daughter; he further declared that the sooner the youth turned his energies in some other direction the better for all concerned.

With unexpected kindness the old man followed his lecture with a proposal to send Heine to the University at Bonn, to study law, stipulating that he should return to Hamburg, as soon as he had taken his degree, there to make for himself fame and fortune as an advocate.

With a mental reservation as to the stipulated return, Heine gladly accepted the proposition, perceiving that association with those whose brains were nimble enough to keep pace with his own was sure to serve as a stimulus to his talents, if it did not bring public recognition of them.

The only drawback to his pleasure was the thought of leaving Amalie.

From letters written in the early stages of the affair it appears that he was not permitted to see his cousin so freely or so frequently as their relationship would seem to warrant.

"To be near her," he says, "and yet often for long, long weeks to pine in vain for a sight of her, one's sole happiness on earth," and so on through a somewhat Byronic epistle which still bristles with genuine feeling and deep yearning.

Again he complains of Amalie's want of sympathy, the only complaint I remember to have seen.

"It wounds me deeply that she, for whom alone I sung, that *she* should have snubbed my songs in so cruel and cold-blooded a fashion."

Lastly he records his cousin's rejection of his love in these words:

"I have the clearest, most irrefragable grounds for believing that I am wholly indifferent to her."

I claim, on the strength of this letter that I have the most irrefragable grounds for repeating that Amalie Heine's behavior to her cousin was as cold-blooded as her treatment of his verses.

As soon as the removal to Bonn was definitely determined upon she began to lead poor Heine through all the ups and downs of kindness and reserve, "snubbings," and tantalizing graciousness, allowing him at last to depart in full confidence that she would receive no other suitor, and that when he returned to his uncle's house covered with legal honors it would be as her betrothed husband.

When he really *did* return it was to find her the wife of another.

Removal from her presence changed the nature of his writings considerably at first, though the years spent at Bonn were full of literary productiveness.

In the summer of 1821, Heine heard of his cousin's approaching marriage, and shortly after was published a book of poems styled, *Traumbilder*, or dream pictures, in one of which he alluded to Amalie's treatment of him.

It was published in the Hamburg *Abendzeitung* under the title of "Congratulations," and signed, "H. Heine," but in the dream pictures it is "The Death Wound," and the mortal heart-hurt of the singer is only too evident throughout the brief poem.

More than any other German writer Heine loses by translation the very names of the songs written at this time, while still smarting under his wound, express his desolation in the midst of gay Berlin, whither he had flown in pursuit of forgetfulness, and where the publication of his *Lyrical Intermezzo* quickly made him the centre of a distinguished literary circle. But what a feeble substitute is, "In the wondrously lovely month of May," for *Im wunderschönen Monat Mai*; "Thou'rt like a lovely flower," for *Du bist wie eine Blume*?

Still, I am tempted to give the English

version of a single one of the sixty-five beautiful poems contained in the *Interlude*:

THE PINE-TREE AND THE PALM.

"A pine-tree standeth lonely
On a far Norland height,
It slumbereth, and around it
The snow falls thick and white.

"And of a palm it dreameth,
That, in a Southern land,
Lonely and silent standeth
Amid the scorching sand."

This flawless lyric voices the vague longings of the soul with an exquisite simplicity born of real pain. Indeed Heine's physique, shaken by reckless dissipation of the worst sort, gave way utterly from the date of his cousin's marriage. It became evident that his health was seriously threatened. He found himself unable to attend to his legal studies, and at last, by the advice of physicians and friends, determined to try the effect of sea air, and as he was entirely without means, there seemed nothing to do but to apply in person to rich old Uncle Solomon for the necessary funds.

As ill luck would have it, he arrived in Hamburg just as Uncle Solomon was starting on a business journey; the latter, irritated by the sight of his scapegrace nephew, refused to be detained to listen to explanations or offer advice, but he contributed a sum sufficient to defray the young man's expenses at Cuxhaven, which was really all that was required of him. Although there was now nothing to detain him, Heine lingered for a few days, fascinated yet demented by the return of old emotions, wandering aimlessly through the streets, thinking of Amalie sometimes with fierce upbraidings, oftener with tears, always with a mad regret.

Still on the sunny side of twenty-four with all the sunshine gone out of life!

But the poetical outcome of this visit was a series of such passionately sad songs as the world has rarely, if ever, known. There is no ground whatever for the accusation of his enemies that these agonized outpourings of his soul were mere

literary agonies; on the contrary, his letter to Moser and other friends show that his suffering was even greater than is manifest in the pathetic (all the more plaintive for their brevity) snatches of song contained in the collection known as the *Heimkehr*, or Return, whose very titles convey an impression of irrepressible gloom. Such, for instance, are, "In a sad reverie I stood," "O, heart, my heart, be not o'ercome," "I dreamed, and mournfully shone the moon."

In one of them he tells how he came unexpectedly upon his sweetheart's family, how they received him cordially, complimenting him on his appearance, though he had grown death-white with sudden anguish, how he asked after each relative and even about the puppy he had often petted, how, at last, as if by an afterthought, he inquired for Amalie and learned that she had just become a mother, and how he sent her congratulations on her new honors.

The verses which have up to this point been only a degree above doggerel, leap abruptly into poetry, when the author describes how "the little sister," in the midst of an account of the puppy, now grown to doghood, smiles, and in her smile, in her dark eyes he sees a vision of his lost love.

It is vain to attempt a metrical translation of this hopeless little song; to be appreciated it must be read in the original, as also another included in the *Heimkehr*, where we see him wandering alone on the shores of the North Sea, buried in thoughts as black as the waters that spread before him; crying out to the night, "Agnes, I love thee!" as if Nature, God Himself, all were but parts of the passion that was consuming him.

Truly I wish Mr. Hitchcock had taken advantage of his opportunities and dealt with this epoch of Heine's life as it deserves.

With the six weeks spent at Cuxhaven began those wanderings which furnished material for the well-known *Travel Pictures*, including the *Hartz Tour* (Harzreise) and the *Return* (Heimkehr), already mentioned.

In the *Hartz Tour*, Heine shows him-

self as completely master of prose as of verse, and though his cousin had ceased to influence either to any appreciable extent, it is worthy of note that the *Hartz Tour* concludes with the old passionate cry; to her his thoughts turn in farewell, it is for her he writes as once he wrote the songs she never read.

He knows that this new book, with its originality, its charm of narrative, its brilliant wit and piercing satire, he knows it must be far above her comprehension, but perhaps if she hears of it she may at least read these last words and pity the self-exiled man who bears her image ever in his heart.

"It is the first of May, and I think of thee, fair Ilse—or shall I call thee A—(Amalie), my favorite name? * * * Green everywhere, the color of hope. Everywhere miracles are working, flowers bursting into blossom, and my heart, too, will blossom again. My heart, too, is a flower—a strange, rare flower—no modest violet, no laughing rose, no pure lily, no simple flower that blooms to-day, to fade again to-morrow. No, this heart is, rather, like one of those monstrous outlandish flowers from the forests of Brazil, which are said to bloom only once in a century. I remember as a boy seeing such an one. We heard in the night a crack like a pistol shot—it was the aloe blossoming.

"Next morning I saw, to my astonishment, that the low, horny plant, with its funny broad, jagged leaves, had now shot up, and bore on its head a glorious flower like a crown.

"We children were too small to look down on it, but from a wooden stand we peered into the open calyx, gazed at its spikes of gold, and inhaled the strange odors that issued from it.

"Yes, A., not often and not lightly does this heart blossom—to the best of my recollection it has blossomed but once. * * * And however splendid the promise of its opening blossom, I fancy that from want of sunlight and warmth it must have shriveled miserably, if it was not actually shattered by a dark wintry blast.

"But now it stirs again, and shoots in my breast, and if you suddenly hear a

report—fear not, silly girl, I have not shot myself—but my love is bursting the bud, and is shooting up in lyric flames, in immortal dithyrambs, in ebullience of song.

"But if this lofty love is too high for thee, Mädchen, set thyself at ease on the wooden stool and look down on the blossoming of my heart."

O stupid Frau Friedlander! who could never climb into a height great enough to perceive the inferiority of *louis d'or* to these "spikes of gold!" Pattern of domestic virtue that you doubtless were, to whom the perfumes wafted from your own kitchen were sweeter far than "the strange odors that issued from" this rarest exotic—one hesitates whether to condemn or commiserate you!

Heine saw his cousin only once more.

Though the wife of Herr Friedlander, the mother of two children, and a rather faded person of seven and twenty, she still had power to awaken something of the old sentiment in her lover.

There were no reproaches, no references to the past, they simply met and parted, but, for Heine, he went forth from Hamburg feeling that "the world smelt of dried-up violets."

So ended one of the most remarkable unhappy loves ever chronicled, if we take into consideration the evanescent nature of almost all other impressions made upon the poet, his early ideas of the faithfulness, or even constancy due to women from men, the fact that ties formed at sixteen are generally far from binding, and, above all, the intellectual contempt which one might expect to have increased with years toward so dull a woman.

I said "so ended," but, in truth, there hovered around Heine, as he lay on his "matrass grave," with his devoted wife and faithful *mouche* at his side, dreams of grimy Hamburg and Amalie, and the

last songs of the tired singer were in memory of his life-long love and sorrow.

"Thou wert a blonde-haired maid without a stain," and still more the wonderfully-lovely "Passion-Flower" are plainly reproductions of the pictures made on the retina of his almost-blind eyes, when the paralyzed ears could not be longer distracted by sounds from his present world. The "Passion-Flower" tells how he dreamed he was in a richly-sculptured tomb which was yet open so that he could bend from the sarcophagus to look upon the beauty of a rare blossom at the foot.

"Then, sorcery of dreams! This flower of mine,
This blossom from the heart of passion blown,
Had changed into a woman's likeness, thine,
Yes, thine, my best and dearest, thine, thine own.

"We did not speak; but ah! I could perceive
The inmost secret of your spirit clearly;
The spoken word is shameless, may deceive,
Love's pure, unopened flower is silence merely.

"Voiceless communing! who could ever deem,
In tender converse which no ear might hear,
That time could fly as in my happy dream,
That summer night so full of joy and fear?

"What we then said, oh! ask it of me never;
Ask of the glow-worm what it says in shining,
Ask what the wavelet whispers to the river;
Question the west wind of its soft repining.

"Ask the carbuncle of its fiery gleam,
Ask what coy sweets the violet is betraying,
But ask not what beneath the moon's sad beam,
The martyr's flower and her dead are saying."

Two or three weeks later died the lover of Amalie—or, no; let us not belittle so great a genius.

"There never has been any other such as he," says his biographer, "and another Heine can hardly ever appear again."

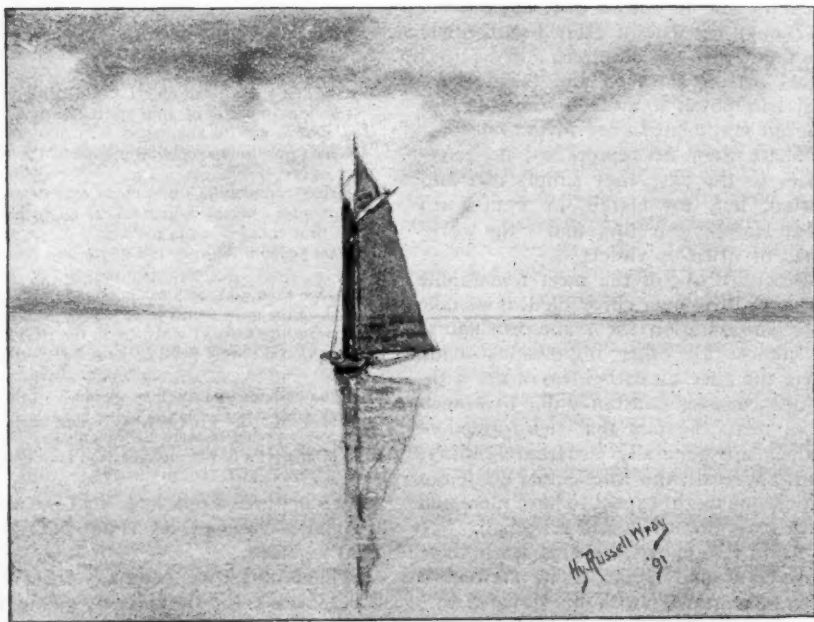
NOTE.—The author begs to acknowledge her indebtedness to Professor Sharp's Biography of Heine for information in the preparation of this article.

THE HARBOR OF DREAMS.

BY HENRY RUSSELL WRAY.

HERE let us anchor—for night's on our trail,
And the wild day wind is dying—
See where it kissed in its flight yonder sail?
Tremble the waves with its sighing.

Heave with our anchor the cares of the day—
Cargo of cares that we carry—
Let them go drifting far out in the bay,
Borne on the breezes that tarry.



Silently glide we on tides as they sigh,
Winds on their tiptoes are stealing,
Sleeping is day, hushed by night's lullaby—
Rest that for trials has healing.

There back of cloud stands the watcher o'er sleep,
Lighting the night with her beaming;
Furl now the sail, for the moon guards the deep;
Here let us anchor for dreaming.

"OLE BEN."

BY LOUISE R. BAKER.

"I 'SE gwine tell yo' 'bout ole Ben, clean all I knows, f'om de day he lay on de cabin flo' kickin' up his lill' black awms en legs, fo' all de wul' 's ef he wa' free, on to dat udder day w'en I he'p fix him out on de coolin'-bawd. Dar he lay a smilin', free, sho' 'nuf."

"Aunt Lindy" shook her turbaned head two or three times meditatively, and there crept a gleam of humor into her faded eyes as she began her story:

"I 'membra stan'in in de do'-way a-laffin' fit to kill 'kase his lill' kickin' awms en legs wa' so mawtal black, en his mammy, who wan't mo' 'n fifteen yeah ole, dawtin' on me wid de broomstick, sayin' she hev no nigga 'roun' meckin' fun o' her baby."

"Peah lac Ben grow up sudden. I wa' kep' so busy to de house, nussin' de w'ite babies, I hadn't no time fo' to keep 'count o' him. Peah lac he grow ole sudden, too, wid a stoop in his shouldas he suttany didn't git f'om his mammy, en his hayer in bald patches ova his head. 'Ole Ben' wa' de nickname he baw up to de house, en it stuck to him fas'.

"But law! ef yo' could a-seen dat nigga at de banjo! He'd set a-playin' en a-playin' en a-playin', huggin' dat ole fiddle o' his'n mighty close, his awms en his legs a-dancin' well as de ladies en gemmens. Sometimes ole Ben's bald head would go a-noddin' ova de fiddle, but his awms en legs dey neva got tawd.

"Well, de time arrive w'en Ben, lack de res' ob de wul', gwine to git may'd. He tole me 'bout it hisse'f. He 'lowed sho' 'nuf he gwin ma'y lill' Em'ly.

"'Yas,' says he, drawin' hisse'f up proud as a peacock, 'yo's in de right, Lindy Mawsh, I'se gwine ma'y lill' Em'ly, sho' 'nuf!'

"Dar wa' a look on his face seemed to show how he gwine do all de Bible p'int out fo' man to do, en it come to me dat lill' Em'ly wan't trustin' herse'f to no-

'count nigga w'en she teck ole Ben fo' her husban'.

"He set out on de kitchen steps dat night en played de banjo all trough, en I seen lill' Em'ly peep f'om de passage winda en listen same as 'twa' her soul a-talkin'.

"Dey stood up to be ma'y'd on a Tuesday, lill' Em'ly all done out in w'ite en ole Ben a-stretchin' himse'f so straight he a'mos' fell back, en de res' ob us niggas hol'n' in f'om laffin'.

"Folks may say wot dey pleases 'bout dar bein' no mawiage law fo' de black people, dar wa' a mawiage law in dat house, en Massa Geowge wa' a-gittin' ready to read it out de lill' book w'en Dan, a nigga f'om de stable, come up to him en 'low in a w'ispa he got some'n pa'tic'la to say.

"Wot Dan say no mawtal eva foun' out, but Massa Geowge come back en tell ole Ben dat de ce'emony is disponed fo' de pwesent occasion, en tell lill' Em'ly teck off her w'ite dress en go on wid her wuck. Lill' Em'ly she look skeered to deff, en ole Ben he bow en smile en say, 'Yassa,' but de stoop wa' dar in his shouldas as he tunned away.

"Lill' Em'ly took on dat night ova her w'ite dress same as 'twa' some'n livin' en breathin' en done died, en down in de pawla we could heah ole Ben a-scrapin' de banjo fo deah life, en de ladies en gemmens a-screamin' en laffin' as dey see how long dey could keep on widout gittin' giddy.

"One day as I wa' steppin' 'roun' de house I seen ole Ben git down quick f'om de winda war sho' he'd ben a-spyin'. He wa' a-tremblin' en his eyes wa' a near popped out o' his head.

"'Yo' seen him?' he cries to me, in a w'ispa, 'yo' seen him, Lindy?'

"'Who I see?' says I.

"'De man wot buys de black people,' says he.

"I drawed myse'f up. 'Massa

George don' sell his black people,' says I.

" 'He, he gwine sell lill' Em'ly.' Dar wa' teahs in ole Ben's pop eyes.

" 'How yo' know dat?' says I. 'How yo' know he gwine sell lill' Em'ly?'

" Den he tell me how he done watched en watched wen he see Massa George en de man a-talkin', en h'ist hisse'f on de winda sill a puppose. Otta w'ile sho' 'nuf, he see lill' Em'ly come in de room, en Massa George tell her fotch him a book f'om way on de shelf. W'en lill' Em'ly raise her awms en stan' on tip-toe a-showin' her ankles he seen Massa George look at de man, en kotch him sayin' some'n 'bout her bein' wuth a heap; en lill' Em'ly come a-fotchin' de book mos' skeered to deff.

" But Massa George wan't gwine sell any his black people, he jes' wan' some folks to know dat he had niggas dar on de place dat wa' wuth a heap. He set powaful sto' all ob a sudden on lill' Em'ly, en den seemed as he took to Dan. He brought him in f'om de stables an' set him to cleanin' de knives en wuckin' 'roun' de house.

" Some tings in a pusson's life sets out so cleah." There came a far-away look in Aunt Lindy's eyes. She arranged her snowy kerchief more neatly, if such were possible, about her dark throat, and coughed the little hacking cough she had "caught du'in' de wah," before she went on with her narrative.

" De moon wa' streamin' in de passage winda, en dar down on de flo' right in de moonlight lay lill' Em'ly. Ia'mos' stumbled ova her. Two sounds come to me otta all dese yeahs: one de soun' ob lill' Em'ly cryin', en de udder de soun' ob ole Ben's fiddle com'n' up f'om de pawla.

" Lill' Em'ly riz up w'en she see me a-comin', an' de moonlight, meck her eyes look mighty big en so'aful.

" 'I done skeered de udder week,' she say, in a quare kin' o' voice dat wan't lac lill' Em'ly's. 'I done skeered 'kase I feered I gwine to be sole, en now I wish to de Lawd I wa' sole.'

" 'W'y yo' wish yo' wa' sole, lill' Em'ly?'" I asked.

She put her head down on de winda-sill an' answered so low I couldn't much mo'n understan', 'I'se gwine ma'y Dan.'

" De moonlight come a-shinin' in, showin' her putty cully ha'h dat wan't wolly lac awn, en her lill' yaller hands, en her purple bawdy, en her green skut, en her lill' mites o' feet.

" I hadn't nary word o' comfo't ready.

" Sudden'y lill' Em'ly brung her head quick up f'om de winda-sill, en her eyes wa' a-shinin mo'n de moonlight, en her mouf wa' shet tight."

" 'I'se so'y,' says I, 'I'se so'y fo' yo, en I'se so'y fo' ole Ben.'

" Den lill' Em'ly commenced a-laffin, not as ef she wa' tickled 'bout some'n, but jes' as ef she *would* laf en nobawdy could make her stop.

" 'Dar aint no mawiage law fo' the black people,' says she, 'ev'y w'ite man knows it, Lindy Mawsh, en so does yo', dar aint no mawiage law fo' de black people.'

" De fiddle in de pawla broke off, de ladies en gemmen done hed 'nuf. Lill' Em'ly wa' a-disappeahin'-down de sta'rs.

" 'Wa' yo' gwine, lill' Em'ly?' I cried. I wa' skeered fo' de gal.

" She didn't keer how loud it wa' she hollad back, 'I'se gwine tell ole Ben,' she hollad, 'dar aint no sech tings as mawiage laws fo' de black people.'

" My brea'f come to me again. I wan't feered fo' ole Ben.

" De next time I see lill' Em'ly she wa' settin' on my bed, close to midnight, en de teahs a-pou'in lac rain down her face.

" 'Wot ole Ben gota say?' I asked, en 'fo' I knowed it, we wa' cryin' togedda.

" 'Wot is mawiage laws?' says lill' Em'ly, solemn. 'Ef I stan' up wid ole Ben I'se gwine teck keer myse'f, but ef dey hawnises me to Dan—' She sunk down in de bedclothes but I heahed her say, 'Ef dey hawnises me to Dan, Gawd on'y knows wot I'm a gwina do.'

" Massa George wa' mighty pleased wid de weddin', 'cause I reckon as him en Dan made it. He wa' powaful struck on Dan. A big dance wa' give in de kitchen en de ladies come out en 'lowed dey'd he'p to dance. Massa George he

go up to ole Ben en tell him to sing de figgas out strong, 'twan't ev'y day a purty yaller gal gits may'd. Ole Ben he say 'Dat so, sah,' en sung de figgas loud as he could, but I knowed down in his hawt he wa' so'y de slave man hadn't done bought him.

"At de end o' de yeah lill' Em'ly hed twins. She wanted fo' to call the black one otta ole Ben, but Dan he up en swa' he kin name his own chillen, en dat way it come de black one wa named Columbus.

"Dar wa' a w'ite chile bawn up to de house on de same day as de twins. He wa' Massa Geowge's gran'chile, en Columbus wa' pa'celed ova to him, fo' de lill' yaller twin wa' a gal.

"Laws! how dem boys sprung up togedda, lill' Massa Jim en Columbus. Ole Ben use to play his fiddle fo' de two ob 'em en set en shake a-laffin' wen dey danced. Columbus he 'lowed he could dance better'n lill' Massa Jim.

"Dem boys lawned to ride a hoss w'en dey wan't mo'n four yeahs ole, en time dey wa' eight dar wan't no faster team in de country.

"Ev'ybawdy said as lill' Em'ly wa' growin' puttier en puttier dem days, en she had a way o' sassin' en flingin' herself about as let on she didn't keer fo' nuffin. I seen ole Ben a-lookin' at her quare lac as ef he couldn't meck out wat wa' de matta.

"One evenin' I wa' comin' 'cross f'om de quawta to de house wen I kotched sight o' ole Ben a-settin' on de kitchen steps, en den I seed two lill' yaller hands on his knee en a mass o' black, cully ha'h, en a striped bawdy en plaid skut, en I heered somebawdy cryin' en I didn't need no one tell me 'twa' lill' Em'ly.

"Den I heahed her say as Dan 'ud kill her, en den I heered her say, 'me en you togedda,' en 'up Norf,' en 'free.' En I held my breaif, fo' I knowed once in his life ole Ben wa' tempted, de way he wa' a-tremblin', en I knowed, too, dat lill' Em'ly had done slipped a'ready.

"I dunno, but seem to me dat ef ole Ben wan't good dar wan't no good on de face ob de earf. He gave a sawt o' sob, en den his voice come out big en powa-

ful, on'y he wan't speakin' loud, a kin' a preachin' lac he wa' a minister in de pulpit, en he tell her, wile he went on a-strokin' her putty ha'h, dat dar wa' a Heaven fo' black people as well as w'ite, en bof him en her mus' try en git dar.

"I seen lill' Em'ly a month otta her baby wa' bawn. De culled women wa' sayin' dat Dan hed beat her dat mawnin', en I hurried down. She wa' settin' in de cabin do' wid her baby on her lap en she wa' a-lookin' fa' off up to de sky, en wen I seed her smilin', soft-like, I tanked de good Gawd fo' two tings: fo' a-meckin' a Heaven fo' de black people, en fo' a meckin' ole Ben.

"Lawd! how some days does stan' out, dough yeahs en yeahs is ova 'em. Fust dar wa' a pa'cel o' win' blowin' down in de meader, den dar wa' a gust clean up to de house, en den sech a stawm as bruck ova de place!

I wa' shettin' down de windas, me en lill' Em'ly, hawd as we could drive, en all de knickknacks on de bureaux wa' a-blowin', wen louda 'n de stawm we heered Massa Geowge's voice callin', 'Wha's dem boys?'

"Good Gawd! wha' wa' dem boys! Lill' Em'ly jes' let de windas go en went a-scootin' down de stars.

"I'd seed dem boys a-startin' out, a kickin' der bare feet straight on eda side o' Massa Geowge's Chawley, de w'ite feet en de black feet bof de same length f'om de hoss, en de black toes jes' as peart en lively as de w'ite ones en a heap sight cleana to look at. De nex' ting I seen dat day wa' ole Ben comin' up de way dem boys went down, a-totin' de two ob 'em he'd done snatched out de fawd en de teahs runnin' down his face fo' po' ole Chawley.

"I neva knowed Massa Geowge act as he did dat mawnin' otta de boys hed come to, en de doctor had done looked at ole Ben. Dar wa' a log a-sweeping trough de fawd en it done hit him on de head en de shouldas. Massa Geowge en de doctor hed him fotched into de hall en set back in one o' de cha'rs, f'om de pawla, en den all us niggas wa' summoned.

"Ole Ben wa' lookin' mighty pale, but

fo' de hono ob de pawla cha'r he set up as straight as he could.

"Massa Geowge seemed to be turrible so'y 'bout some'n. He stan' up lac de man he wa, en tell us all he done a great hawm to ole Ben en dat ole Ben done de wondafullest ting to him pickin' lill' Massa Jim out de fawd, en dat ef he had his life ova ag'in he would act a diffent pawt. En den he tunned 'round en take ole Ben's black hands en tank him en ask him ef he wan't a-goin' to fo'give him.

"'Yassa,' said ole Ben, 'sutteny, sah,' en den he 'lowed, way down unda his breaf, dat Columbus wa' de fust he picked out de fawd en lill' Mass Jim wa' de second.

"Den Massa Geowge ask ef dar wan't two men could tote de cha'r easy, en Dan he come a-tippin' f'om 'mongst us nig-gas en bet as dar wan't two men dar could

tote it ha'f as easy as he could by his lone se'f. He'd ben a-dustin' de pawla furniture," said "Aunt Lindy," in a wandering voice, "en I reckon it kin' o' peahed as it b'longed to him. Leastwise he wouldn't have nobawdy to he'p.

"A week otta dat de log dat hit ole Ben done kill him sho' 'nuf. We laid him out in de quawta. All about wa' still en solem, wen sudden'y dar come a soun', a low scrapin' ob a bow 'cross de fiddle strings, en all de ole tunes wa' played trough. Seemed as ef 'twan't no mo'n fair. In trough de cracks en roun' on de win' past de windas floated de music he lobed. In joy en sorrow he had made de music hisse'f, en now in peace en res' somehow de music wa' made fo' him. We jes' sank down roun' de room en listened, lill' Em'ly hol'in Columbus tight les' he move en drive de soun' away."

OCTOBER.

BY THOMAS WISTAR, M. D.

YE call it bright October
When the leaves are falling fast,
But to me, the waning season
Wears a sad and solemn cast,
For it tells of the fleeting summer
Too sweet and fair to last.

I compare its passing glory
To the transient hectic hue
That reminds of a richer beauty
Fast fading from the view,
That love, with each endearing art,
May never more renew.

I think of the dying splendor
As rays of a setting sun,
That point to the day departed
Ere half its joys are done,
To a thousand chances blighted,
And the circle nearly run.

And so, in the short-lived pageant
Of the "bright October" day,
I see but the gilded casket,
I see but the withering clay;
And turn with a tinge of sadness
From the presage of decay.

NANCY FLOWERS'S AFFIDAVIT.

BY S. ELGAR BENET.

THE pregnant hush and expectation of the early May morning were giving place to a dusky splendor. Dense, low-hanging mists lifted themselves from river and wood to drift majestically seaward. Long lines of brownish gold marked the shadows over the green. There was no sign of life on the river-shore—no sound, except that of the purling, lapping water, with its fringe of white, upon the sand.

A strong, soft breeze blew from the land, odorous of its journeyings through pine woods and over blossoming hedge-rows.

The upper windows of Shadrack Flowers's small white house began to gleam and burn as the light grew stronger in the eastern sky. The house stood upon the grassy round of a gentle hill; the main building, with its parlor and spare chamber below and two tiny attic rooms above, was painted, but the original of logs—two rooms and a summer-kitchen—whitewashed, as were also the fences, out-buildings, and the stems of three unfortunate trees, a cedar and two horse-chestnuts, on the north side of the yard.

Just before Shadrack Flowers married Miss Nancy Showers he made it a labor of love to build the addition to his bachelor hall, and had never, since then, ceased to be proud of his success.

Back of the house all was in dewy shadow, but not quite so still, for the stable-yard was but a few paces away, and the cows were lowing impatiently for the milking (catching tantalizing glimpses of wet, tender pasture beyond the bars), the pigs clamorous for breakfast, and from within the chicken-house came a babel of sounds from its imprisoned occupants. One industrious hen proclaimed to all who cared to hear the fact that, so far as she was concerned, the serious business of the day had been disposed of, and a pearly egg lay in her nest ready for

any one who would take it. So loud was her proclamation that the gurgle and ripple of the little brook, slipping away toward the river between the stable-yard and the wood, were inaudible.

There was a commotion among the pigeons on the corn-house roof; they cooed and called and circled far and near, catching red lights upon their glossy wings. Six settled on the half-open door and peered over expectantly, reporting in eager, pigeon language to their less fortunately situated fellows all that went on within.

Presently Rosy Flowers emerged with her apron full of "nubbins," and, turning the key in the padlock, proceeded, after elaborate preparation, to descend the ladder, backward. She breathed a deep sigh when her foot touched the ground, and her face reflected her satisfaction.

"Oh! you greedy old things!" she said to the pigeons, "you've never got enough—you'd like to eat everything up. I've a great notion not to give you *none*."

She sat down upon a log near the chicken-house door and began, in a business-like manner, to shell the corn into her apron, rasping one ear against the other and laying the cobs in a neat heap at her side, while the pigeons coaxed and begged for special indulgence in the shape of a few stray grains, and rushed frantically downward whenever they flew wide of their destination in Rosy Flowers's apron.

"No, I won't!" she called to the pigeons. "Shoo—shoo—sho-o-o! You *sha'n't* have your breakfast before the chickens gets theirs. Oh! you hateful thing!" as one perched upon her knee and pecked greedily at the yellow corn. "The very next time anybody's sick I'm a-goin' to cook *you*, see if I don't. I don't care if you *aint* a squab."

She gathered up her apron and went

toward the closed door, which she opened, calling in a high, shrill voice:

"Chick—ee, chick—ee, chick—chick—chick!"

A cloud of screaming, scolding fowls flew out into the morning air. Two or three others that had been hanging around, as if uncertain of their reception, having stolen out the evening before to roost in the trees, joined the throng, and round and round Rosy Flowers they went in an ever-changing circle, until she threw the corn here and there, far and near, regarding, without a smile, their frantic efforts to be in twenty places at once—protecting with strict impartiality some unfortunate and unpopular members of the flock, and giving the pigeons their share.

She had thrown the cobs upon the heap of litter in the stable-yard and was looking pensively down into the pig-sty, calculating the probable weight of its occupants by December—for Miss Flowers was nothing if not practical—when suddenly she was aware of a genial brightness in the shady spot. It was, even to her unimaginative mind, as if the sun had stepped aside or hurried in his course to shine, before his time, over the roof of the house upon her. When she turned, however, she saw only a large, middle-aged man with a beaming smile. He held a bucket of foaming milk in each hand; his sleeves were turned back from his wrists, which were brown and muscular.

"Comin' on fine, aint they, Rosy?" he said, "the big one 'll weigh more 'n three hundred, an' then, my! what sausages, an' puddin's, an' spare-rib, an' chine, an' cracklin's you'll have, won't you?"

"An' lard an' pigs' feet," supplemented Rosy. "Mr. Spears he says John Davis's 'll beat urn, but they won't. Why don't you give 'em more corn, pap? They's a heap o' nubbins in the corn-house, more'n enough f'r the chickens all summer."

"Oh! you mustn't give 'em too much the fust o' the year, 't aint good f'r 'em, 'sides, yo' might jes' 's well save yo' corn. Wait till November, an' then they shall have more'n they can eat."

She looked into the milk-pails and gave an exclamation of surprise.

"Is *that* all Suky give, an' her jes' fresh in March! I'd sell her for meat, 'deed I would. They aint no sense o' her goin' off her milk now, with plenty o' paster an' ev'ythin'."

"Suky's all right," answered her father, cheerfully. "I reckon the calf got out las' night an' drunk the milk hisse'f; I saw him a scamperin' aroun' this mornin' jes' 's if he hadn't done nothin' he oughtn't to, but they'll be more'n enough milk f'r him an' you too. You don't think yo' can drink all *this*, do yo'?"

"Hm-m," said Rosy, "'t aint that, but ma she say butter 'll be higher this week 'n las', 'cause Mis' Ryan's cows is dry, an' Mis' Davis's is nearly dead from gettin' in the clover an' drinkin' too much water, an' it certainly is aggravatin' not to have nothin' to make it with. I believe Swingsly *he* jes' leave that calf out a-purpose, 'cause he heard me say so."

"Sho, Rosy!"

"'Deed I *do*, he's jes' mean enough to do it."

"Rosy," called her father, suddenly, in a breathless, awe-struck whisper.

She put aside her assumed petulance, and came closer to him, startled at the changed, puzzled tone.

"Rosy."

"Well?"

"What day is this yer?"

"Wednesday," said Rosy.

"Are you *sure*?"

"Certain sure, 'cause yes'day was Tuesday."

He put down a pail of milk and shaded his eyes with his hand, looking toward the house with an intense, eager gaze.

"Was Monday a *rainy* day, Rosy?" he asked, without removing his eyes from the door.

"No, Monday was a beautiful day f'r dryin', I never see a beautifuller; got all the clo'es in before one o'clock, an' me an' ma went over to Mis' Speares."

"Thought it might a-been the washin'," he said, with a great sigh. "Mebbe it's bed-clo'se, daughter, blankets an' sech; yo' ma was al'ays monst'ous par-

tic'lar about the quilts her gran'mother lef' 'er. I reckon that's jes' what she's a-doin'."

"No," said Rosy, decidedly, "'at's all done long ago."

"'En it's house-cleanin'."

"House all cleaned more'n two weeks an' better, all the white-washin' done 'an ev'ything; 't aint that."

His distress would have been comical had it not been so evidently sincere. He drew up his fresh, pleasant face into an expression of intense pain, deposited the other pail of milk on the ground, and, after solemnly removing his hat, began slowly and tenderly to press his hands all over his head in an odd, unconscious manner.

"It's a-comin', Rosy," he said, "I'm afeered it's a-comin', it al'ays begins jes' so, but we won't go in till we have to."

The visible cause of his disturbance seemed to lie in the movements of a little woman who appeared and disappeared with swift and silent motions around the kitchen door. She made no sound, even her foot-falls were perfectly noiseless. Noiselessly she opened the cellar doors, and as noiselessly brought up two great tubs from below, these, with numerous scrubbing-brushes, brooms, and mops, she deposited upon a bench near the door. Presently, out upon the fragrant air there floated, in suppressed, but penetrating tones, the words of a too familiar hymn. It was sung with wonderful emphasis—not expression—but one verse over and over again, and the words were as follows:

"Superior sense ma—yI despla—a
Yin shunnin—nevre—yevil way
An' walki—nin the good."

"Sure'nough," said Shadrack Flowers, dolefully, replacing his hat and stooping for the milk-pails, "it's boun' to come."

"I never *aid* like that hymn," Rosy remarked, with a note of defiance in her voice, "it al'ays says, plain as plain can be, jes' look at *me*, I must do all this 'cause I'm better 'n anybody else, an' people 'll expec' more o' *me*, an' it al'ays reminds me 's if somebody was a-smoothin' herself down an' a-turnin'

herself roun' an' roun' before the lookin' glass."

Her father regarded her disapprovingly.

"That's no way to talk o' hymns."

"I don't think they's much religion in *that*," she replied, stoutly.

A tall youth went up from the cornfield, carrying a hoe over his shoulder. He took down a basin from its nail by the door, and placing it by the side of the well, turned the windlass until the water ran over the trough in a gurgling stream, then, with many expressions of satisfaction, he laved face and neck, again and again, rubbing vigorously on the rough towel that hung from its own particular nail below the basin.

"Breakfas' ready," he called, and disappeared within doors.

"Oh! *you*," exclaimed Rosy Flowers, below her breath; "I'd jes' like to know what *you* know about it."

"Why, what's Swingsly been a-doin' to you?"

"Oh! he al'ays knows so much about ev'ything. Who ast *him* whether breakfas' was ready 'r no?"

"Come along," said her father.

She plucked his sleeve with her little red hand.

"Pap," she said, slyly, "you go 'long in like's if you don't know nothin's the matter; make out ev'ything's all right. You don't know, *maybe* she'd give up the notion."

He looked at her, helplessly.

"Do yo' think so?"

He was a brave man; had faced the enemy unflinchingly at Gettysburg, when men fell around him as fast as shot and shell could mow them down, and in after years the exigencies of an occasional occupation required nerve and courage, but he could not bring himself to approach calmly that small woman with her unmoved countenance and her chilling silence.

Rosy Flowers, although her years numbered but sixteen, was a worldly-wise little person, far shrewder than her father, with his half century and more. She was very practical and something of a philosopher; she suspected that one cause

of her mother's "spells" might be found in the fact that they produced such evident distress to her father's peace of mind.

"Why don't you make out like yo' don't care?" she had asked upon one occasion.

But Shadrack Flowers was powerless to retaliate or defend himself in any way, because of the entire and rather weak affection he bore his wife. He concluded this time to follow his daughter's advice, and accompanied her into the kitchen, with a ludicrous imitation of the usually beaming expression upon his features.

"Well, I *declare*," he said, looking around the table, "yer we're all ag'in, aint we? An' Nan, she's as bright as a new tin pan, as usual."

However brilliant the opening may have been intended, it failed lamentably in effect, although Rosy giggled, and Swingsly, who always laughed at everything, enjoyed the joke heartily.

"Jes' 's bright 's a new tin pan," he repeated.

Mrs. Flowers was a very small woman; she weighed scarcely more than a hundred pounds, was slenderly built, but gave one no more an impression of weakness than does a slender steel rod. She was a person of exquisite neatness, and talked at times of "workin' myself to skin an' bone, an' nobody carin' no more'n if I was a nigger an' born to it."

She stood at the foot of the table and poured three great cups of coffee from a low tin pot; she added cream and sugar, stirring each one thoroughly, and every motion was perfectly noiseless, there was not even the click of the cup against the saucer as she handed them around; she understood well the value of suppressed force.

"U-m," began the master of the house, resolved to make one more attempt toward harmony, "this yer's good coffee. You didn't get nothin' like this over in Ann Ran'le, did you, now, Swingsly?"

"It tastes pretty much all alike to *me*," said Swingsly.

His cousin kicked him *under* the table and tossed her head at him *above*.

"An' these cakes, Rosy, is *good*. I don't reckon 'at you'll ever make sech bread 's you ma's."

"She certain'y do make good bread," answered Rosy.

"'Deed she do," said Swingsly, who had by this time perceived his mistake. "Sometimes 'en I go to other people's houses an' set down to they table it's all I can do to eat they bread; 'taint like what Aunt Nancy makes."

Mr. Flowers grasped knife and fork in either hand, rested them upon the table, and leaning back in his chair, surveyed his audience through half-closed, critical lids.

"Now, I want ~~to~~ tell you," he said, "it takes a monst'ous smart woman to make bread—*good* bread, I mean. They aint one out o' ev'y ten—what am I talkin' about? why, they aint one out o' ev'y forty 'at can make sech bread as *this*, an' as f'r pies—"

But it was all of no avail, there was nothing more to be done.

When a housewife is not to be placated by compliments to her beauty, even though it be conspicuous by its absence, or her skill in bread-making, know, O man! that further effort is useless.

Nancy Flowers presently resumed her place, but kept her plate turned down upon the cloth. She refused, silently, everything offered her; she looked neither to the right nor to the left, but directly over her husband's head toward a point on the window-frame at which a "mud-dauber" had begun work.

Flowers slipped off the side of his chair, and, with hanging head, left the room. They could see him walking heavily over the grassy slope toward the stable, a corner of which served him for tool-house. A half-hour after Swingsly, searching for a missing hoe-handle, found him standing helplessly before an assortment of tools, hat off, his hands pressing carefully his head, as though he were a phrenologist with a knotty subject that persistently refused to submit to rules.

As for the cause of all this unpleasantness, immediately after the men had left the house, she began a process of general disintegration. From the kitchen to the

spare-chamber everything movable was torn from its place. The plump featherbeds, with their marvelous evidences of the taste of a by-gone generation in patchwork, taken to pieces, the carpet in the parlor torn up, and the spotless floors of the other rooms strewn with sand, lye, and soft-soap, preparatory to a scrubbing. Of late years her "spells" had exhausted themselves in house-cleaning, in season and out, and a more uncomfortable place than Shadrack Flowers's home it would have been hard to find. Toward late afternoon she bandaged her face with a heavy white cloth, covering one corner of her pretty, thin-lipped mouth, tying the ends in a hard, round knot on the crown of her head from whence they stood out like rabbit's ears. This artistic touch added, she proceeded to enjoy her exquisite misery.

Rosy, after she had "got up" the potatoes and cabbage sprouts for dinner, put on her sun-bonnet and went off across the field to seek a few hours' society with Miss Cornelia Spears.

There was a Sabbath stillness over all the land. Even the chickens and the birds were quiet, and the wind in the cedar tree was scarcely more than a breath. At two o'clock in the afternoon Rosy Flowers came out of the parlor door—week-days the door of the living-room was invariably used—with a large, brown book in her hand, and after looking up the road, and down the road, and across the river, took a seat on the bench under the great cedar tree. Just why she brought the brown book with her it would be hard to tell, unless for a feeling of companionship it gave her, lying closed upon her knee. She was not long alone. Shadrack Flowers, but half-awakened from an unpleasant dream, came out on the porch and looked dolefully around.

"Well, Rosy," he called, and, coming close to her, whispered, "where's yo' ma?"

"Gone over to Mis' Speares to get some yarrow an' boneset an' hoarhoun' f'r her cough. Swingsly he say she tol' him 'at she was *mos*' in the groun'."

"Oh-h-h!" groaned her father. He

sat down beside her and buried his face in his hands.

"Rosy," he said, presently, "I'd give twenty-five dollers, cash down, 'f I knowed what was the matter with yo' ma. Sometimes I think it's the potash. Old Dr. Grimes he's been a-tendin' her reg'lar three times a year, straight along—not that she's sick, but she say, an' very reasonable, too, 'at we pay him ten dollers ev'y year, sick or well, an' we might's well have some good out o' him. An' it's never nothin' but potash. I think they must be somethin' cur'ous in its effect on her temper, for she's most al'ays likely to be worst when she takes it."

"Tantrums!" said Rosy, briefly, "potash never hurt nobody."

"Come, come," cried her father, with an accent of reproach in his tone, "you mustn't speak like that o' yo' ma. *That* aint bein' a good girl, is it?"

"What *is* bein' good?" asked she, "you 'r good when yo' do like somebody else wants yo' to, an' you 'r bad when yo' do like yo' please, even if yo' aint a-doin' any harm."

She turned her little freckled face to meet the soft breath of the wind and parted her lips to inhale it.

"O Rosy, Rosy! If you'd on'y knowed yo' ma when *I* did. She was the pretties' little creater and the sweetest tempered—use to *make believe* like she's mad a purpose to be coaxed to laugh; it never lasted very long till yer o' late years—she was al'ays easy enough to bring roun'. An' sech a little bit of a waist, jes' about *so* big," describing with his joined hands the circumference of a good-sized orange, "an' sech a little bit of a foot, no longer 'n 'at," leaving a space about three inches long between two great fore-fingers, "an' her al'ays as trim an' as neat as a jinty-doll. You'll never have yo' ma's figger."

"May-by I won't have her temper, neither," said Rosy, who had a very exalted opinion of her personal appearance, and thought there were few indeed who excelled her in beauty of face or form; "for me I may not be no judge, but *I*

don't think a woman without no flesh on her bones 's so much to look at."

"No, mebbe not, mebbe not, jes' yo' happen to think; *you* won't be so bunchy lookin' when you 'r a few years older, unless yo' grow fatter, an' 'en you'll be bunchier, but yo' ma, she was the pretties' girl in the county. The Colonel hisse'f 'lowed that, an' 'lowed at the same time 'at he didn't see what a pretty young creater 'at could a-had her pick o' all the youngsters in the neighborhood wanted o' a old fellow like *me*, for *I* was a good fifteen year older'n Nan. That's what I couldn't un'erstan' myse'f," said Flowers, lifted beyond present misery by the bewildering delight of these reminiscences, which never lost their sweetness and novelty to him, although oft repeated. "I couldn't un'erstan' it myse'f, f'r the *life* o' me; an' Nan, she often laugh, she did, an' say 'at she done more courtin' 'an me—but that aint so," very quickly, and fearful lest his daughter might follow in earnest an example given in jest; "she jes' say that to plague me; but I couldn't believe Nan was in earnes' till the very las' minute, somehow I didn't feel sure o' her till she said 'yes' before all the people—an' she said it loud enough, too. An' my goodness gracious! how mad the other fellows was. Jack Schism an' Baze Garner an' two o' the Ganter boys, an' I don't know *who* all. Why, my own cousin didn't speak to me cl'ar up to the day o' his death, all along o' Nan perferrin' me to him. An' 'en when you come along. Don't talk! how proud we was. We couldn't fin' a name good enough f'r yo'. I thought it would be kind o' nice to call yo' after both yo' gran'mothers—Milcah Betsy—as Nan, she wouldn't by no means call you Nancy, 'en we tried Lily Flowers an' Pinky Flowers an' Posy Flowers, an' las' o' all Nan, she settled on Rosy, cause yo' had sech a red little face, jes' like a red rose, an' red it's been ever since, an' so we named yo' Rosy, an' ev'y evenin' she'd bring yo' down to the bars to see me milk, long before yo' could talk, an' she used to sing to yo' to make yo' go to sleep an' 'en tickle yo' chin to make yo' wake up, an' we was so

happy. O *Lor!*" groaned Flowers, a sudden recollection of contrast sweeping over him, "sometimes I don't see how I *can* stan' much more."

He rose from his place on the bench and stretched out his arms with a great yawn:

"I tol' Mr. Clarke I'd go down to Egypt an' run the saw-mill f'r him, you needn't say nothin' to yo' ma less'n she asts yo'. I'm a-goin now, Bud Clarke, he goes down to-night, an' it'll save a hoss to go along with him. Swingsly, he can look after things till nex' week, an' if anything goes wrong he'll let me know. You be a good girl, Rosy, an' mind yo' ma."

"They won't be nothin' to mind," answered she, "ma won't say nothin' to me, till she gets over her tan—spell."

It was a settled fact that Mrs. Flowers's displeasure was visited upon each and every member of her family alike, without regard to merit or demerit.

Rosy sat on the bench beneath the cedar tree, apparently guiltless of thought. Late in the afternoon, she heard Swingsly's clear whistle as he came across the field from Mrs. Spears'.

It had been settled to the satisfaction of the neighborhood that Swingsly should be regarded as the future husband of Miss Flowers. It would be a very suitable match in every respect, for it was well known that he had seven hundred and sixty-three dollars to his credit in the county bank, and had declared his intention of making it a cool thousand before he was twenty-five, and Shadrack Flowers would leave his daughter as good a small farm as could be found for thirty miles around, to say nothing of the dower of marvelous bed-quilts which her mother had inherited from an industrious ancestry, and on which she piqued herself as badges of respectability, regarding them with the same feelings of veneration and pride with which more ambitious souls look upon armorial bearings—ancient or modern.

Across the pages of the big, brown book the sun was weaving a dazzling network of red light and shadow which must have been excessively trying to the

strongest eyes, yet, when Swingsly approached his cousin, he found her so deeply absorbed in a chapter on "Justification By Faith" that she gave no evidence of being aware of his presence until he spoke to her twice or thrice. Then with a resigned sigh she closed her book, and looked up at him with the piteous expression of a student interrupted at his dearly-loved labors.

Swingsly brought a great bunch of mock-orange blossoms in his hand. He offered them to her in an awkward manner.

"They certain'y do smell sweet," she said, graciously; "where'd yo' get 'em?"

"Over at Spearses, they got a whole heap, I never see so many. It didn't take Cis no time to cut these."

"Cis give 'em to yo', did she?"

"Yes, her an' me went—"

"It don't make no diff'ence, if yo' choose to go galivantin' all over the county, a-askin' ev'y girl 'at 's fusty enough to give 'em to yo' f'r bouquets an' things, yo' can, but I don't want to have nothin' to do with 'em, an' I *won't*, neither."

She tossed the flowers into his hands, closed the brown book and walked away with dignity to the parlor, peeping through the half-closed blinds to enjoy his discomfiture, as he stood looking foolishly on the blossoms at his feet.

"She certain'y do make me *mad*, sometimes!" he said, half aloud. "I got a great min' to go right straight back again, an' I would, too, if it wasn't f'r the milkin'."

He picked up the despised bouquet—leaving one white, sweet spray on the ground—and went sullenly around to the kitchen.

An hour later the gold had died out of the air; far in the west wavering light faded and glowed again, where the sun had set in a cloudless sky, but the twilight, subtle and soft and gray, stole over plain and wood; wreaths of mist rose from the river, and above, the exquisite warm blue of the sky seemed to bend itself nearer to a darkling earth.

Nancy Flowers, in her neat, second-

best frock—which she *always* put on of Sunday afternoons—stepped off the porch and unconsciously made her way to the seat around the cedar tree. She was very unhappy and very angry, but she could not have explained wherefore. She told herself that she was "a mis'able, ill-treated woman, 'at had been put upon all my life, ever since I lef' my gran'-mother's." She leaned her head back against the rough support of the tree and patted the ground with her foot. After awhile she became aware that she was crushing some frail thing under her shoe, and, leaning over, saw a small, sweet spray of mock-orange blossom appealing to her from the dust and gloom of the ground. She picked it up and held it against her face—against her lips to inhale its fragrance, then resumed her position, holding the flowers carelessly upon her knee. Hers had been, among eminently practical environments, a warmly sentimental nature. The beauty of a flower went home to her heart; she felt, when she looked, breathlessly and silent, at a glowing sky the closer presence of God. When a young girl, her taste for poetry had been formed by the hymn-book and the poetical corner of the weekly paper, together with the stanzas which sometimes appeared in the obituary columns. She was very fond of it all and knew by heart any number of verses. Her affection for Shadrack Flowers had been romantic but none the less sincere; perhaps he would have been happier had he made less evidence of his gratitude.

Sitting alone in the deepening shadow, the small white blossoms found a voice and spoke to her. There had been a hedge of them at her grandmother's home, she had loved them for their intense, bewildering sweetness. She had worn them at her wedding.

Her wedding!

How plainly she could see the bride—small and slight—in a frock of dotted muslin, a bouquet on her breast and a wreath upon her dark hair.

What a wedding hers had been.

She lived over the admiration, the compliments, the congratulations again.

How the Ganters and the Garners had scowled at Shadrack and at each other. Could she ever out-live the delightful recollection of gratified vanity? And how kind Shadrack had always been—never a word of reproach or resentment in seventeen years; yes, and how *happy* she had been until this demon of a perverse temper was encouraged to take up his abode within her.

Tears came to her eyes and fell over her cheeks. The flowers, although she tried to look steadily on them, changed to enormous size and strange, uncertain shapes. She crushed them in her hand and rose, looking hither and thither as though undecided as to her course. Finally she ran swiftly across the yard, through the dark little parlor, into the darker bed-room beyond; there she fell on her knees beside the tall bed, burying her head and shoulders in its billows of feathers.

"Oh! my blessed Master!" sobbed Nancy Flowers, "what a wicked, wicked woman I have been!"

A soft, steel gray day in September. There was no blue to be seen in the sky; gray lowering clouds moved swiftly hither and thither, rainy lights shifted along the horizon, and the wind blew steadily from the rainy quarter.

The Rev. Eli Amoss had closed the Quarterly Meeting, dined with Mrs. John Tavenner, and in the early afternoon, by special request of Mrs. Shadrack Flowers, was making his way to spend the evening and sleep over-night at her house. His gaunt bay horse proceeded very leisurely to the rattling accompaniment of the buggy, which, with a musical taste entirely peculiar to buggies of certain sections of country, insisted upon having music wherever it went.

The old gentleman lounged lazily forward and conjectured as to the meaning of the solemnity of his summons. With the reins hanging loosely from one hand, he searched his pockets with the other until he found the letter. It was written on a half-sheet of blue-lined paper, sealed within a yellow envelope, and addressed to

brother. Eli. Amoss.

in care of brother. Tavenner meeting House Boggses Bottom Charles county MD.

september 9 1886

"Dear Brother," he read, in the pathetic characters of those unaccustomed to the use of the pen, "i now take my pen in hand to inform you that we are all well and hope you are the same as far as bodilly helth goes but not the mind. i have all the summer since may been fightin the devil and have got the victory and i wish in your presents to make my affidavit also Sister Ryan and Sister Smith and Sister Spears and there husband. i would be please for you all to come early as the evenin is shorter your unworthy Sister in much distress of mind but hopes though humblin herself to be so no longer "Nancy Flowers."

The pastor methodically folded the letter and returned it to his pocket, then, hearing a variety of sounds which indicated the proximity of another musical buggy, and fainter sounds beyond these suggesting a third, he jerked his horse's head and pleased himself with the fancy that he was rapidly approaching his destination.

All the invited guests drove into the yard about the same time.

"La!" whispered Mrs. Smith to Mrs. Ryan, "it's somethin' more 'n usual, you mark my word, or Nancy Flowers 'd never dress up like that."

"Sure enough," rejoined Mrs. Ryan, "if she aint got her best dress on, an' Shadrack, he's got his coat on."

Mrs. Spears, also in her best gown, had preceded the other guests and sat in state and solemnity in the rocking-chair in the parlor.

The hostess came out on the porch to receive the late-comers. There was a very perceptible embarrassment over every one.

"Well, Brother Amoss?" said she, "how do you do? Shadrack, will you tell Swingsly to put Brother Amoss's horse away an' the other horses? an' come right in. Well, Sister Ryan?"

"Tol'able, I'm 'bliged to yo'," said Mrs. Ryan, shaking hands heartily.

"Well, Sister Smith, I hope I see you well?"

"O'ny tol'able—o'ny jes' tol'able," replied Mrs. Smith, lackadaisically, "but that's more'n I deserve; as I often tell William. 'William,' I says, 'if none of us got no more in this world 'an we *deserve*, they's not many of us 'at 'ud get much.'"

"All well at home, I hope."

"They can't complain; our place is about as healthy as anybody else's."

"Will you walk into the parlor?" said Mrs. Flowers, with much propriety.

The ladies walked into the parlor, and after saying "Well, Mrs. Spears?" shaking hands, and receiving a like greeting and courtesy in return, seated themselves upon the sofa, clasping their hands over their waists. Mrs. Ryan was a cheerful creature with kindly gray eyes that gave their good-will straight into every face turned toward them. She was tall and thin, and her hands were brown and rough with toil.

Mrs. Smith was a short, stout person; she loved very much to talk, especially to moralize, and there was no woman in the neighborhood who could hold her own against her; as for Mrs. Spears, she was a quiet body, who said very little, indeed, but who could sit perfectly still and *look* any one into a settled conviction of her superiority and profound knowledge in five minutes.

"I said we couldn't complain," remarked Mrs. Smith, taking up the thread of the conversation, "but Maggie, she's got the ager, was down all day yest'day. I never knowed anybody to shake so."

"Peach leaves is good, so I have heard," said Mrs. Flowers, "you take yo' peach leaves, an' you bruise 'em an' you *boil* 'em—"

"An yo' might jes' as well save yo'-sef the trouble; they don't do no good."

"They's a man out from Washin'ton las' week to see Zadoc about the tobacco," said Mrs. Ryan, eagerly, "an' he tol' us a *sure* cure. You jes' tell Maggie to take about a gallon o' cider—a little

hard—ev'y day, an' boil it down to a *pint*, an' eat it or drink it, jes' before she goes to bed, an' I 'low she won't be troubled with the ager for some time."

Mrs. Smith passed her handkerchief across her lips and paused impressively before she replied.

"We're temperance at *our* house."

"How did Maggie come to get the ager?" asked Mrs. Flowers, quickly. "I didn't know there was any of it around yo' place."

"They isn't, neither," replied Mrs. Smith. "I'd like to see the man 'at could point me out the first case o' ager 'at ever started at *our* place. But ev'y body's isn't as healthy as *ourn*—it can't be expected—takin' ev'ything into consideration, an' you can't keep young folks at home all the time."

No pathologist has ever successfully tracked the ague to its lair in Southern Maryland. It is never to be found on *this*, but always on some other plantation, or farm or clearing. No man has ever yet been known who contracted it on his own freehold, but always in going or coming to and fro.

As Mrs. Smith's daughter was very intimate with Mrs. Ryan's, the latter clause of the lady's remarks might naturally be regarded as insinuating reflections of an unpleasant nature, but Mrs. Ryan did not take offense easily.

"I wouldn't be surprised," said she, "if she didn't get it down to her Uncle Lem's. Ev'ybody knows 'at chills an' fevers is as thick as thick down along Smith's crick; they say yo' can see 'em walkin' around."

"She didn't get it *there*, neither," answered Mrs. Smith, loftily, with the air of one who knew, and could indicate the exact spot where she did get it, if she cared to do so.

"I think it's so *aggravatin'*," cried Mrs. Ryan, looking around upon the other ladies with her sympathetic gray eyes, "not to know how things o' these kind starts. It's a satisfaction to know, even if you can't do nothin' for 'em."

"'Tis *so*," agreed Mrs. Spears and the hostess, in a breath.

"Well, now then, Sister Ryan," said

Mrs. Smith, with her major-general air, "I don't want to hurt *nobody's* feelin's, but since you're so free in insinuatin' 'at I don't take proper care o' my children, an' don't know where they sicknesses comes from, I'll *tell* yo' where she got the ager, if yo' really want to know."

"Oh! I don't want to pry into *nobody's* affairs," protested Mrs. Ryan; "all I said was 'at it certain'y was *aggravatin'* not to know how things o' these kind starts, cause if yo' did, yo' could keep away from the places, that's all I said."

"I al'ays tol' Mag's pa 'at she'd get the ager, if he didn't put a stop to her runnin' over to yo' house at all hours o' the day an' night. 'You mark my word, William,' says I, 'they's ager over at Ryan's.'"

"Ager on *our* place!" cried Mrs. Ryan, "why I never heard o' sech a thing in all my born days. We haven't had a chill ner a fever in that house, not since there I've been."

"Do you mean to tell *me*," demanded her interlocutor after a sternly judicial fashion, "that Jeff Matthews wasn't down an' up—up an' down—for more'n six weeks las' September with the worst fit o' ager that's been known? Grimes he tol' me *hisse'f* 'at quinine hadn't no more effec' 'n corn-meal. Do you mean to tell me *that*?"

"Course I don't," said Mrs. Ryan, stoutly; "but Matthews he got the ager over at *your* place before he come to ourn, an' he'll tell yo' as much, an' more, too, if yo' ast him."

"Sh-h-h!" cried Mrs. Flowers, holding up a warning finger to prevent a continuance of the conversation, "here comes Brother Amoss."

The heavy footsteps of the men sounded in the porch and a moment later Shadrack Flowers ushered them into the parlor. They spoke of the weather and the crops; Mrs. Smith blandly remarked the immunity which the neighborhood enjoyed from sickness.

"As I often an' often tell William, 'William, it's nothin' more'n a blessed Providence, specially takin' all the wet

weather into consideration, an' ev'y-thin'."

After this conversation flagged. The ladies sat looking at the great red and green figures in the carpet; sometimes they sighed heavily and glanced at the ornaments on the mantel-shelf—two small vases in white and gold, some shells, uncertain daguerreotypes, and a pair of china dogs with pink noses. The gentlemen sighed, also, but their glances were directed out-of-doors.

There was a pathetic expression on Shadrack Flowers's gentle face. He felt very much toward his wife as a weak parent feels at the sight of a petted child undergoing voluntary punishment. Frequently he found his hands groping in a bewildered sort of fashion their way to his head. Once, with that same puzzled, appealing smile upon his lips, he had looked toward Nancy, but she had only glanced blankly at him in return and withdrawn her gaze.

She was about to make a confession. Her conscience had driven her to this, the most humiliating hour of her life. Since that evening in May, when the mock-orange blossoms spoke so successfully to her, the idea had forced itself upon her that, as she had sinned against her family in private, the only course left in which she might make honest reparation lay through a public confession, or, as the word had in some way become oddly fixed upon her mind, "make an affidavit." The Rev. Mr. Amoss must of necessity be confessor; she would abase herself in the presence of Mrs. Spears because of that lady's acknowledged superiority in worldly as well as spiritual attainments; but there had been a long struggle before she had brought herself to bid Mrs. Smith be present. Mrs. Ryan would give her comfort and sympathy, she felt instinctively. She was, without being conscious of the fact, dramatic by nature, and once the idea suggested itself that perhaps the class-meeting would be the proper place for such a confession as she had to make, but with a sense of relief the suggestion was dismissed.

The silence was growing unbearable.

Drawing a folded paper from her gown, she opened and closed it nervously, cleared her throat, and began to speak—going, with characteristic frankness, to the heart of the subject at once:

"My dear friends, sisters and brethren," she said, "I've invited yo' here this evenin' to tell yo', once an' f'r all, 'at I've been the wickedest woman in the county. I have, an' wickeder because what I done, I done quiet like, so's nobody wouldn't know. The devil himself he's held rule in my heart this many a year. I've been a torment to my husband an' my family an' a burden to myself, I—"

"No—no, Nan!" cried Shadrack Flowers, in genuine distress, "don't you go to talk like that. The neighbors 'll think you're in earnest, when me an' you's never so much 's had a sharp word together."

"What he says is true," she said, slowly, "we never so much 's had a sharp word together—but it was because I let a dumb spirit take possession o' me, an' do what he would, I never spoke no word to him, week in—week out. I jes' lived over ev'ry spell o' bad temper I ever had in all my life before to keep me good an' mad. An' this didn't happen once in a year, but two—three—an' sometimes *four* times, an' him never so much as givin' me a cross word; never so much as whisperin' a sound o' all this outside the house, till, at las', I drove him away from his own home—he couldn't stay here no longer—"

"Sho, Nan!" he interrupted, "*don't* you say sech things as them. Don't ev'ybody know 'at I on'y went down to look after the engine in Mr. Clarke's mill?" appealing to the audience from her, "Mr. Clarke—*John* J. Clarke—'ll tell yo' the same an' so 'll Bud."

"I drove him to it," said Nancy, dramatically.

"An' as f'r homes an' wives, don't ev'ybody know 'at there aint a man in Charles 'at can say the same f'r his'n 'at I can f'r mine."

"An'," continued the speaker, disregarding the interruption, "I was a growin' worse an' worse. *Once* I had to think

over things to fin' somethin' to get mad about, but f'r the las' year an' more I could get mad f'r nothin' in the world, jes' as easy as not."

"Perhaps, my dear sister," said the good old pastor, his eyes upon the woman's face in sincere sympathy and regard, "perhaps you will tell us who led you to this state of grace, that you are willing to acknowledge your misdoing in so honest and exemplary a manner?"

"'Twasn't nobody."

"*Something*, then—some incident, to outward appearance trifling in itself, but of which, no doubt, it would benefit us much to hear."

"Come, Sister Flowers," said Mrs. Smith, solemnly shaking her head, "out with it all, make a clean breast of it; as Brother Amoss says, you'll be all the better for it."

Mrs. Spears *looked* her opinion. Her attitude and expression said as plainly as words could do—

"Of course, Sister Flowers, if by any wonderful combination of circumstances, I should find myself in *your* present position, I should not feel justified in keeping back *anything* connected with the affair."

Nancy Flowers looked into the eager eyes and comprehended at once the lurking curiosity in their depths. She felt a thrill of womanish pleasure, not incompatible with the stern duty she had set herself to fulfill, in being able to thwart their desire. Moreover, she thought of the little spray of mock-orange blossoms, now lying withered and brown, shut between the leaves of her Bible, and she answered with much zest, though very deliberately:

"No, I don't know 'at it will do you any good nor me neither to tell yo' jes' what made me take this stand. Brother Amoss can trust me 'at it was all right an' hones', an' nothin' 'at he would disapprove of."

"Certainly—certainly."

"An' now that I've tol' yo' all in public like, 'at I been no better 'n one o' them whited sepulchres, 'at we hear so often about in the Bible, an' 'at I been a-

cheatin' an' deceivin' yo' all along an' I can't noways trust myse'f, the next thing to do is to fix matters so there 'll be no fear o' sech in the future. Brother Amoss will you please to read this?"

She gave him the folded paper, which she had held in her hand during the discourse, resumed her place, and fell to whimpering softly behind her handkerchief.

The composition of this document had caused her many anxious moments of doubt and research, although she had been assisted by an invaluable publication bearing the title of "Every Man His Own Lawyer."

The Rev. Mr. Amoss adjusted his glasses, and, holding the paper at arm's length, began to read:

"I, Nancy Flowers, of Bogges Bottom, Charles County, State of Maryland, do hereby make affidavit and solemnly say, that I wish to acknowledge and testify in the presence of the Rev. Eli Amoss, Cornelia Spears, Maria Marcella Ryan, Rosabella Smith, and their husbands, that I have been a wicked, bad-tempered woman, without just cause or provocation, him never being nothing but the best of men, and being desirous of leading a new and better life to the satisfaction of all concerned, I hereby make promise of future amendment, purposing to conduct myself peaceable toward all mankind, and for this cause I sign my name, humbly praying those aforementioned to do the same.

"(Signed) NANCY FLOWERS."

At the last words she rose from her chair and placed pen and ink on the table at the pastor's elbow.

"Was there not something said about an affidavit?" he asked, turning to her.

"Yes."

"Well, I don't see—"

"This is it," she interrupted, blandly, "I made it myself."

Shadrack Flowers touched her elbow:

"Nan, if yo' wouldn't mind—"

"Mind what, Shadrack?"

"If you 'll jes' put in a word—if Brother Amoss 'll excuse me f'r mentionin'

it—about 'Superior Sense.' That al'ays seem to me like it had a bad effec'."

"Well?"

"If you'd jes' signify yo' intentions in a few words, in writin', put it on to the end, not to sing that hymn outside o' meetin', an' also as to potash—not to take it excep' f'r sore throat—if yo' *could* bring yo'se'f to go so far."

According to instruction, the Rev. Mr. Amoss wrote carefully below the signature:

"And I also promise not to sing 'Superior Sense' nor to take potash, except upon such occasions as my bodily infirmities shall demand the same.

"(Signed) NANCY FLOWERS."

After which the witnesses stepped up to the table and signed their names after the pastor's, Mrs. Smith excusing her poor penmanship by condemning the pen; Mrs. Spears writing Cornelia Abigail Spears, with a neat little dot after the first and second names, and Mrs. Ryan scrawling a "God bless you" beneath her signature, that straggled in the most erratic fashion to the lower right-hand corner of the page.

The pause which followed threatened to become awkward.

Mrs. Smith cleared her throat preparatory to informing the company as to the nature of some remarks which she had previously made to William; her intentions, however, were frustrated by the advent of Rosy Flowers, who, very red in the face, and with beads of perspiration upon her upper lip and pert little nose, announced, briefly, that supper was ready.

"Will you please to walk out to tea?" said her mother, politely.

Passing the window, she looked out toward the west and smiled joyfully.

A wild and colorless sunset streamed out and up from the horizon. The spaces of sky between ragged clouds shone with the passionless glitter of silver, through breaks in the trees the river reflected it.

She felt glad that the evening had not closed in rain and mist.

Taking her place at the table, she

looked over it with critical, housewifely eyes. It was quite right; Rosy had forgotten nothing. There were the cup-plates, the silver spoons, and the butter-knife which her grandmother had left her.

"Sister Smith, will *you* set here? Brother Ryan—Sister Spears? Rosy, go quick, child, yo' must have left a pan on the stove, I smell somethin' burnin', an' tell Swingsly to fetch a pitcher o' fresh

water, right away. Brother Amoss will you be please to ast a blessin'?"

And Shadrack Flowers, with a lively appreciation of promised happiness and a gratitude comprehending a wider range of creature comforts than the well-spread board before him, joined heart and soul—mind and strength—in the concluding clause of the good man's peroration,

"For what we are *about* to receive, make us truly thankful. Amen!"

A SONG.

BY ELLA HIGGINSON.

O H! you whose blood flows calm as a river
That glides to the sea on a summer day,
With rarely a ripple and barely a quiver,
Loitering only to laugh or to play;
Oh! you whose pulse beats evenly, slowly,
Never in passion, and never in care,
Whose mind holds thoughts that are reverent, holy,
Who find in life but the good and fair;

Be careful, you, how you judge another,
Whose blood flows warm as the strongest wine,
Remember that he is a God-given brother—
Instead of condemning, cast him a line,
If you see him struggling in seas that are raging,
Or hesitating where two paths meet;
Conquer thy scorn, and, his fears assuaging,
Encourage him, set him once more on his feet.

Maiden, with form that is fair and slender,
Eyes that are cloudless, sweet, and true,
Lips that are reverent, pure, and tender—
Listen, my Sweet! my song is for you.
You have no time for weeping or sighing,
Keep in your heart a glad, sweet song,
That will thrill some soul that is perishing, dying,
Thrill him, and cheer him, and help him along.

Oh! *mothers*, with faces of care and sorrow,
And hands that are weary with much to do!
Kneel—kneel—every night and pray for the morrow—
The walls of our nation are builded by you.
Oh! you with hearts that are tender and loyal—
Judge not the passionate ones that roam!
Stand firm in thy truth, like queens that are royal,
With love and with purity bind them to home.

MRS. GREEN'S OUTING.

A SUMMER STORY.

BY MIRIAM BAXTER.

"FATHER, do you think we're too old to go on an excursion?"

"A *what*?" The question was such an amazing one that Silas Green nearly dropped the piece of cold boiled pork that he was about to convey to his mouth.

"A *what*? I say, Eunice, be ye a loosin' of your senses?"

"No, father, I aint, and I hope the Lord'll leave me what I've got clear to the end of the journey, but I *do* mean my question. Jane, she's been over here a-tellin' about how all hands are goin' next week over to the Islands—'Isles of Shoals' they call 'em, and I don't see why *we* can't go along too, you and me, Silas, just as well as if we was thirty years younger."

"Well *now*! I *am* beat! you a-wantin' to turn out with a passal of young folks and go a-skitterin' 'round the country for people to laugh at! What's got into ye, old woman?"

"I'll tell you, Silas, just what 'tis. I want to see the ocean once for myself. Here I've been a livin' all my life within ten miles of it, and now here's a chance to go and see it, and I feel somehow as if I *must* go. Don't you know the Bible is full of things about the sea, that we don't half understand? Come, father, let's go and see it for ourselves. Jane says they're all goin' down to Portsmouth and then get on a boat and sail right out to an island—one o' the 'isles of the sea' that we read about. It'll give us something to think about and remember. Let's go, father!"

Old Mr. Green surveyed his hitherto contented and reasonable wife in a state of amazement that made him positively speechless. If old Bess, the gray mare that worked his plow, had suddenly intimated that *she* was pining for a "2.40" race it would hardly have astonished him

any more; but he said nothing, only kept looking at her across the little narrow table spread with the homely evening meal.

Presently the woman went on, with a little quiver in her voice:

"We're gettin' old, Silas, you and me, we aint got very long to stay here any way, and why shouldn't we go somewhere and see something like other folks? I'm tired of things, *dreadful* tired. I *want* to be contented with my lot, I don't want to murmur, but 'taint the same world, father, since our Lizzie went out of it, and I want to go somewhere and see somebody. I'm sick of *everything* sometimes," and the usually placid old face worked nervously, and the shrewd, kindly eyes had for a moment the look of a caged creature in their depths.

Silas Green did not at all understand his wife's moods, but he regarded her as a very wonderful woman, nevertheless, and was secretly not a little proud of the very things that puzzled him most in her character; but, although he felt himself a decided leaning toward this wonderful sea trip, yet, man-like, he was of course bound to interpose every objection before yielding the point.

"Whew! you want a change, do ye? Well! I never! no I never *did* hear the like," and he got up and lighted his pipe and went and took his usual place on the old bench just outside the kitchen door, while his wife cleared away the tea things. "If anybody'll tell me," he mused, "what puts things into women's heads *any* way, I'll be thankful."

In a little while Eunice came out and sat down beside him.

The sun was just setting and its long slanting rays lighted up the shabby little yard with its straggling lilac bushes and stunted althea trees.

The only flower in bloom was one tall

sunflower near the gate, that turned its bold, yellow face straight into the path of late sunshine. A calf bleated in the side lot, one or two thrifty robins hopped down cautiously after the crumbs just shaken from the table-cloth. It was a homely, commonplace scene, without beauty or attraction of any kind. The farm was rocky and sterile and had yielded but a niggardly return for the hard work of a lifetime. Silas Green's children were all married and settled except one—the youngest—their idol, and *she*, too, had gone, but where "they neither marry nor are given in marriage," and here they were almost at the end of the journey, and in all their lives had never gone anywhere or done anything solely for recreation or pleasure.

And yet Nature, strangely capricious mother that she is, had given to this hard-working woman on a barren New Hampshire farm a genuine artistic temperament.

She didn't know at all why sunsets and moon-risings filled her with vague unrest, nor why, when her husband snored peacefully in the chimney-corner she would stand out in the little frozen yard and look up with ecstasy at the flashing lights above her. The Bible was her one book, and over it she pored daily with ever-increasing comfort, but there was so much that she could only dimly grasp, and she longed sometimes with perfect pain for a fuller understanding of its beautiful imagery.

"Silas," she said, after a little, "you see that moon just comin' up over there, with that little star right by it? Well, I think that's what it means in the Bible when it says, 'The heavens declare the glory of God.' I can see into *that*, but now there's so many things in it about the sea that I can't understand, and then you know, father, that's one of the things we can't see in Heaven, for it says, 'there shall be no sea there.'"

"But, Eunice, that's all true, but then it takes *money* to go a-kitin' 'round the country and a-buyin' your dinners at a big hotel. Excursions, it looks to *me*, is more for rich folks, who'd very likely

make fun of a couple of old ones like us fer tryin' to be like them."

"Yes, I've thought it all out—dinner and all. I've got five dollars laid by from the butter and eggs, and we won't go near the hotel, for I'm a-goin' to kill them two yellow pullets that's been a-eatin' their heads off all summer, and make some biscuits and doughnuts, and as to the rich folks—I'd *like* to see some of 'em. I don't believe they're all bad and unfeelin'. Didn't Christ *love* the rich young man?"

"But there's the clothes, Eunice," and Silas gave an inward chuckle as he thought, "*now* I've got her; that's always a hard p'int with a woman," but she was ready again.

"Yes, I've got that planned, too," said she, calmly. "Your Sunday suit will do nicely when it's all brushed, and I've got my green winter dress, and as to a bonnet—I'm goin' to wear Lizzie's hat—that new one that she hadn't ever wore much," her voice shook, and the tears rushed to her eyes. "*She'd* be glad to have her old mother wear anything of hers."

The old man made no reply to this last, but smoked on in silence, and Eunice laid her wrinkled hand on the hard, sunburned one that rested on her husband's knee and said, gently:

"Yes, we'll go, father, long o' Jane and Alick. I know'd you see the way clear to take me—you've ben a good husband to me always."

There was a genuine sensation at Alick Green's, when, a few days later, Mrs. Jane returned from the old farmhouse with the astounding news that "Father and Mother Green were going on the excursion to the 'Isle of Shoals!'"

"For the land's sake! if anybody'll tell *me* what they want to go for, I'll be glad," she cried to her husband, after telling the news. "They *can't* go decent, that's all, for they aint got the clothes to save their lives. They do say that it's mostly Boston folks any way that goes there, and rich as cream, too, and there'll be your mother in

that old green rep that is ten years old if it's a day, and I'll be bound she'll stick on that old crape shawl o' her'n that yer Uncle Jim got in China before the flood—and as to a bonnet—what do you s'pose she's goin' to wear? Well, it's that open-work straw hat that used to be *Lizzie's*! a *girl's* hat on a gray-haired old woman! I declare! it's too bad," and Mrs. Jane rocked herself to and fro and fanned herself with her blue gingham apron in the most despairing fashion. "Alick, can't you go over to the house and see if you can't talk 'em out of it?"

"See here now, Jane, I aint a-goin', and *you* better let my mother alone, too. She's got more sense in that old head-piece o' her'n now than would stock a round dozen of yer fine ladies, silks and satins and all, I don't care if they do hail from Boston," and Alick Green, usually the most quiet and unresisting of husbands, looked so warlike and determined that his wife was quite overpowered, but added:

"Well, it's a shame, anyway, I just knew something or other would happen to spoil it all, and I a-tuckin' and starchin' and getting everything nice for this trip. I've a great mind to give it up anyway."

"Suit yourself, Jane," was the quiet reply, "and you look sharp, too, and see that mother don't have no call to be ashamed of you and *she'll* take care of herself."

After this Mrs. Jane prudently decided to make the best of the matter, more especially as she and her whole family relied upon old Bess and the Jersey wagon to take them down to Portsmouth on the morning of the excursion.

When the little steamer "Oceanic" moved out of her dock on the morning of the eventful day, one group attracted a good deal of amused attention.

An old man, in a well-brushed suit of butternut brown, carrying a large basket, and by his side a gray-haired woman in a girl's gypsy hat, trimmed with a wreath of white lilacs.

Eunice Green was serenely unconscious that there was any incongruity in the gen-

eral effects of a dark-green woolen dress and an old crêpe shawl; for she sat and looked about her with a face as full of enjoyment as a child.

As the steamer threaded its way down and out of the beautiful Piscataqua, the woman's face was a study.

She forgot her clothes, Lizzie's hat and all, and stood up and looked at the water and the shores with an expression of rapture that was positively transfiguring.

A lady sitting opposite had been observing this group from the first.

She had seen the amused glances of the passengers. She had watched daughter-in-law Jane, with her stiff white gown and befathered hat, gradually betaking herself further away from the old couple, and she thought she understood the reason.

"May I sit here beside you?" she said, pleasantly, as she took Mrs. Jane's vacated seat.

"Why certainly! glad to have you," was the cordial response.

Then by a few kind words and with that genuine Christian sympathy that is such a gift, the stranger soon drew from Mrs. Green the whole story of this stupendous venture they were taking, "going to see the ocean! to see a real island," as the old woman expressed it.

Even the history of the hat came, and with gentle tact the lady told her that on Star Island, where she was staying, even old ladies sometimes wore hats to protect them from the sun.

"I'd a-taken off these laylocks," apologized Mrs. Green, "ef *she* hadn't a-pinned 'em on herself, an' I don't think it'll hurt it wearin' it just *one* day, unless it rains," and she looked up anxiously at the cloudless blue sky.

"No, it will not rain," said the lady, "and if you will let me I will take you to my favorite part of the Island when we reach there."

"You're very good to an old woman like me; and if you'll just show me where I can look right out onto the ocean the hull day I'll be thankful enough," was the old woman's grateful reply.

When, an hour later, Mrs. Green found herself in the little pavilion that fronts

east—looking directly out upon the ocean—she did not say one word, but just looked off with a great yearning in her old eyes and tears on the wrinkled cheeks.

"Oh!" she whispered, "it's like Lizzie's song:

"I look away across the sea,
Where mansions are prepared for me."

"Seem's ef I could most *see* the shin-in' glory shore over there."

"His way is in the sea and His path in the great waters," she said, presently. "I didn't see into *that* but I do now."

"My dear," to her new friend who stood beside her, "if He could make *that*," and she pointed out, "surely we needn't fear He can't do all He's promised us, for it says: 'The sea is His and He made it.'"

"Tell me," and she turned to Mrs. Charlton, "did *you* ever feel that all the waves and the billows had gone over you? I did when Lizzie died, but I didn't know what it meant till now."

"Oh!" thought the lady who had been silently watching her, "here is this humble woman who has made the Bible so her own that it just bubbles up from her heart to her lips; what a rebuke to my own careless reading!"

Presently the old woman started up and clasping her hands, stood in a listening attitude for a minute. "That's it!" she cried, "don't you hear it? that's 'deep callin' unto deep.' Isn't it wonderful to find out so many things in one day? Does it always make that loud noise? but 'the Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters,'" she added.

"Mebbe you'll think I'm a real crazy old woman to make such a fuss, but, you see, I've been shut up there on land all my life and I've just *ached* to know what 'twas like, and seems if I couldn't hardly stand it now it's *so* good," and the old woman turned an almost transfigured face upon her new friend as she spoke.

What a rare day that was, and it would be hard to tell which enjoyed it most, old Mrs. Green on her first pleasure trip

or the refined and fastidious Mrs. Charlton who had traveled far and wide and to whose luxurious home in Boston it was a rare privilege to have the *entrée*.

She gave herself up to the two old people for the entire day. She took them to see the monument to Captain Smith; she carefully explained the mystery of high tide and low tide; she gathered specimens of sea-weed and shells; she took them to the little quaint old church built two hundred years ago, and all this with a gentle deference and a loving care that went to Eunice Green's very heart.

She said very little after her first transports at the sight of the sea, but she drank in everything.

When lunch-time came the basket was brought out. Then Mrs. Charlton said:

"Can you wait a little until *my* lunch comes?"

Then you should have seen the faces of the old couple when a servant arrived from the hotel with a huge trayful of good things from the dinner-table.

How they ate and enjoyed the smoking baked haddock and the mealy potatoes; how they brightened up as they drank the fragrant coffee that their new friend poured for them herself.

And the contents of the basket were not slighted, you may be sure, for with genuine politeness Mrs. Charlton ate and praised the fried chicken and doughnuts, much to Eunice Green's satisfaction.

"My mother used to make just such doughnuts when I was a little girl," said the lady, "and I enjoyed them very much."

"I just want to know if you have done all this," said Mrs. Green.

When the delightful meal was over and they sat on the rocks watching the white-caps and the graceful sail-boats gliding past.

"I just want to know *what* you did so much for an old woman like me *for*? You know I've be'n sorter afraid of rich folks all my life. I kinder thought they was proud an' unfeelin', and now the very first rich one I ever met has made me

have a day that I'll never forget—the best day of all my life.”

There were tears in the lady's eyes as she told her how much she too had enjoyed being with her.

Well, like everything else that is lovely, the beautiful day had to end.

The little “Oceanic” blew her warning whistle and came puffing consequentially up to her miniature dock, and Alick Green and his wife appeared with their own chosen circle, who, as Mrs. Jane put it, “didn't go and make scarecrows of themselves and travel round the country for other folks to make fun of.”

Mrs. Charlton herself helped her new friends up the narrow gang-plank, and went and brought them some folding-chairs which she put on the shady side of the boat, and then as the last bell rang she took the woman's wrinkled hand in hers and reverently kissed it as she said her last good-bye.

“Well, well, Eunice, this does beat all!” said the old man, with a chuckle.

“I say, Jane,” he called out, “yer mother here's be'n a regular *belle* to-day, be'n waited on and talked to the hull day by one of them high-toned Boston regular built ladies—goin' to write to her, I believe; and jes' now she actilly kissed her hand too! What do you say to *that*? Them shiny things on *her* hand I 'spect would buy up two or three o' the farms up in old New Hampshire, too.”

A tired old pair reached the lonely little farm-house late that night.

While her husband went to feed old Bess and put her up for the night, Eunice Green sat down on the bench outside the door and reviewed the day.

“*She* was one of the Lord's own chosen ones,” she mused; “just a-ministerin' to others as *He* ministered. I'll never forget her, and she's goin' to write to me, too, and that'll be somethin' to look forward to.

“If rich folks is like her I don't wonder the Lord loved that rich young man just as soon as He sot eyes on him. Now what could have made her foller me 'round and show me things and send for that dinner, too? It want for nothin' at all but for the love of Christ that she did it, and I thank Him for this day and for seein' that blessed woman, too, and think of *her a-kissin' me*.”

Her worn old face flushed like a girl's as she recalled that kiss.

“Nobody has kissed me,” she said, “not one time since our Lizzie died.”

She went into the gloomy, familiar little house and up the narrow stairs to the room where all the sunshine had gone out of the humble home—Lizzie's room. She opened the old hair trunk and laid the girl's hat back in its place with a tender, loving touch upon the lilac wreath, then closing the lid softly she went away.

WEAPONS.

BOTH swords and guns are strong, no doubt,
And so are tongue and pen,
And so are sheaves of good bank-notes,
To sway the souls of men;
But guns and swords, and gold and thought,
Though mighty in their sphere,
Are sometimes feebler than a smile,
And poorer than a tear.

THE MILVEYS.

BY GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE.

WE have an extremely amusing family in the vicinity of the farm-house where we are summering. I said amusing, but they make some people very mad. For myself, I heartily enjoy them, however.

Before the war they were richer than it is possible for anybody to be now, and the things they then had can never be duplicated, nor could they be bought for mere gross perishing money. I do not know how they acquired these more than humanly elegant possessions in the happy days now past, but I think it was by importation from Heaven direct.

The Family (I can do no less than give them a capital) consists of a mother, daughter, and one son. The mother is a thin, consumptive, sour old woman, the daughter, Ellen, would be handsome if she didn't have such an acid phosphate expression. Tom Ed, the boy, is a rollicking, harum-scarum sort of fellow whom, though no one believes a word he says, everybody likes.

Ellen has a deep, inward, monotonous voice, and when she is moved to recount the by-gone glories of the family, she fixes her eyes upon her shoes and chants away, something after the fashion of a Welsh bard. I am growing quite nervous about going over there and displaying anything that is likely to set her off—though caution won't avail in the matter, for the most innocent circumstance is liable to do so. There's a very nice horse up here that I sometimes hire, and I rode past the Milveys on him the other morning. Ellen was out in her flower garden, and insisted on my stopping to rest. They are full of kind hospitality, with also a liking to have a stranger handy to air "the sunset glories of the past" to.

"I like my horse so much," said I, as I got off him.

"Yes," said Ellen, in her deep, mourn-

ful tones, "we all used to ride considerable before the war. I had a horse," looking at and through the one I was hitching to the gate-post, "snow white, about half as high again as that one. Tom Ed didn't have one, of course; he was too small, he had a pony; and mother had hers that nobody else ever rode, and pa had his, and grandpa had his, and my uncle that lived with us had his, and then we had the carriage horses and some buggy and work horses—we never drove a riding horse."

By the time the ghostly cavalcade had clattered down the slopes of memory, my one small (hired) horse looked very lean kine indeed.

Having reduced me to the proper state of wondering humility she led the way, almost cheerfully, to the house. She threw open the shutters and dazzled my eyes with a daylight view of the parlor. As I gazed about in speechless awe, she began with her customary abruptness:

"I was educated at a boarding-school," she said, and paused to let me get the full force of that stupendous fact.

"I was there six months. I studied French, and music, and painting—here are some of my pieces." She pointed me to a group of pictures.

"The teacher quit with me before the term was out—said I'd learned it all."

I looked with delightful, and to speak sooth, unfeigned amazement at these compositions. They consisted of a "Psyche" (painfully familiar to those whose hard lot it is to see much of young ladies' art work), which represented a female standing by a spring, hugging a slim jug. Her dress is most unkindly cut down in the back to show an incipient curvature of the spine, and her neck and head are curled around and bent over the jug in a way that would be highly proper in a snake, but which is, to say the least, surprising in a human creature.

There were also two cattle pieces, in which the large, puffy-looking cows sat about over "pizen" green meadows in attitudes which wrought havoc with all one's preconceived ideas of animal anatomy. They were evidently bovine acrobats or contortionists, for the poses they assumed were only comparable to those of the youth in the circus who rolls himself into a hideous ball, kicks his own hat off his own head, and persists in using his legs as a cravat, though they were plainly not intended by nature for the purpose.

There was also a cottage with a tree beside it and a bird's nest in the tree. The birds, who were represented as flying about aimlessly, were evidently some monster species of condor, for in scale with the cottage they would have measured full twenty feet from tip to tip. The nest sat "whopper-jawed" in the tree and revealed to the wondering beholder the eggs in it. One could not but think with horror what a casualty it would be if one should fall, for they were twice the size of the head of the cottager's wife who stood directly beneath.

I had no difficulty in expressing my surprise at these works of art.

When Mrs. Milvey came in Ellen went out, and in the course of the conversation which ensued I said to her that I thought it strange, with all Miss Ellen's good looks and talents, she had never married.

"Our family don't marry young," said she, "and Ellen don't. I'm glad she don't. I want her when she does marry to marry some statesman. Of course she and Tom Ed wouldn't look at any of the trash around here."

Ellen regaled me on the way to the gate with stories of the different people in the village who felt themselves above her because the family had lost their money, and who wouldn't speak to her nor notice her.

"Why, Miss Ellen, you musn't feel so," I said to her. "I'm afraid you take the initiative and won't look at them—you know folks will treat you about as you treat them."

"No, I don't," she answered, "plenty

of people that we wouldn't have had in our kitchen before the war won't speak to me now on the street any more'n as if I was a dog—and the way we lived then, too. Never sat down to the table without napkins!"

"Anyhow," I said cheerfully, preparing to mount, "you must come and see me—we won't stand on ceremony."

"I don't s'pose I shall," said she, looking at me in a preoccupied manner; "I don't go to see everybody promiscuously."

And with this very large sized and perniciously active flea in my ear I rode off.

She came, though. One morning she presented herself with the suave grace of a Modoc Indian, seated herself on the porch and sat staring at me, evidently thinking of something else.

I set myself to entertain her as best I could with a flood of small talk and questions; but, receiving no reply, was running very low and getting quite desperate when she burst out: "It's a scandal and a shame the way Tom Ed wears white shirts—five a week. I believe he'd wear two at a time if he could. It keeps me washing and ironing the whole time."

And this was apparently what she came to say, for she made no further communication till she took her leave.

The Milveys have just posed, for the first and only time in their history, as public benefactors, by furnishing us the sensation which is always such a crying need in a country summering-place.

Tom Ed went, some months ago, down to Asheville, and has been staying in a store. After his departure his mother and sister were afraid to be alone and had a big, good-humored lout of a country boy, Jim Means, to come and sleep nights in the house.

Ellen, who, the neighbors say, is "rising forty," made use of this youth to run her errands, fetch and carry for her, and to take the lantern and take her to prayer-meeting and other serious-minded gatherings, besides serving as audience when no one else was handy, and the ghost of the Family Fortunes *must* walk.

One night last week she set out for

church with her big youthful esquire, and on her return, said, in reply to her mother's inquiry as to how she had enjoyed preaching:

"Very well. We went to a wedding, too."

"Whose was it?" said her mother.

Ellen made no reply, and the youth, after looking for permission toward his enslaver, answered for her:

"Ourn. Ellen an' me got married."

To say that the old lady was mad is so feeble and tame in the face of the facts that I shall not say it. Ellen, on the principle of making her worse to make her better, took the occasion to announce a fact of which she herself had been aware for some time: that Tom Ed had

been secretly married for three months past to Mandy Means, a sister of Jim's, the girl having gone to Asheville when he did, and served as a waitress in one of the big hotels there during that time.

I have the old lady's own words for her emotions upon these disclosures; her expression and tone no pen could reproduce nor describe.

"Oh! I was mad," she said, "I could 'a' kicked Asheville over." Them fools! Married by a justice of the peace, like low, common trash. I reckon," with deep scorn, "as this marryin' business seems to have broke out so violent in the family, it's time for me to dyke out and go down to Asheville and try my luck."

NIGHTINGALES.

IN the lake the stars are gleaming—

Furl the sails—

Night is falling on the dreaming

Hills and vales.

Let the boat glide. From yon dingle,

Where the fireflies dance and mingle,

There comes music; that's a single

Nightingale's.

One begins; and then another

Voice prevails—

Each awakes a sweet-tongued brother

Of the dales.

One by one they waken, bringing

Music like a fountain springing,

Till the whole night rings with singing

Nightingales!

PEEPS AT OUR NEIGHBORS.

BY DOROTHY HUNT.

"I SHALL be glad when the last of this black bread is gone!" I said last night as I brushed the crumbs off the bread board and hung it up; I have a nice little white board with a gimlet hole in the end of it that I always keep to cut bread on, and a heavier one to cut meat on.

"Why, the bread is light and sweet," said father, who sat near.

"Yes," I said, "but it isn't white as it usually is, and I don't like it."

Father laughed.

"You always did eat with your eyes, Dorothy," he said.

I laughed too, at that, but it set me thinking.

I believe looks have a good deal to do with the taste of food to a great many people.

I remember once when I was a baby bit of a girl father took me with him when he went off several miles into the country to buy a cow.

It was a good way, the air was keen, and when we finally found what we sought it was supper-time, and I had already several times expressed my knowledge of that fact by complaining of the pangs of hunger.

As we entered the farmer's house, supper was just being placed upon the table, a good meal of bread and butter, potatoes, and a platter of stewed chicken, an edible of which I was excessively fond.

But the tablecloth was so awfully dirty that only dimly at the corners could its original color or fabric be determined.

We were invited to "sit by and have supper," and did so.

Once more on our homeward way, father said: "I thought you were so dreadfully hungry, Dorrie; why didn't you eat?"

"That tablecloth was so dirty, pa, I couldn't!"

The moral of which is that plain food, neatly served on a spotless cloth,

is far more palatable than our favorite dishes served with dirt and disorder; and though we cannot all have cut-glass and silver and costly fare, the poorest of us can serve our daily bread sumptuously, with cleanliness.

Our humble glass can sparkle like crystal, our Delf can shine like Sevres, and God's fairest gift to man, His message in the flowers, can glorify the plainest board, at least in the country, if it be only a cluster of apple-blossoms, or a handful of "children's gold," from the broad highway, the starry dandelions.

I used to love them when a child, and many a time a bunch of them pinned as a breast-knot upon my gown sends my heart dancing back into childhood's fairyland.

When I make cottage cheese I like to put it on the table in our pretty leaf-green glass dish, for it makes me think of snowballs; but the salads I like in the big crinkley clear glass dish, as if the crisp leaves lay in a shell of ice.

I want the jellies to stand up high in a tall, transparent dish, where the light can shine through them, bringing out all their delightful wine-like glow, and reflect it down upon the snowy tablecloth.

I want the bread to be white and light and cut in even, symmetrical slices, not thick at one end and thin at the other; and I want the butter dish and knife fresh at every meal.

And I want flowers, and neat attire and cheerful conversation, and time to enjoy it, and then it is true refreshment for body and soul.

Why shouldn't we have the very best and sweetest possibilities of every-day, even in our commonplace daily toil? It need not be *all* grind and grime unless we allow it to be so.

You know Cousin Lucy had some ways of "shirking work," as she said.

I privately informed myself as to her "tricks and manners," and now I will tell you about some of them. They help me out of a hurry very often, and perhaps some other over-busy woman, who wants to snatch a little crumb of daily bread for her soul as well as to furnish plenty for the hungry stomachs in her care, may find something here to give her the longed-for half-hour with books or flowers or pen that she would otherwise spend in a hot kitchen.

Cousin Lucy doesn't iron sheets unless she has plenty of time. Neither does Dorothy H—.

We go out to the line just at twilight, in the summer, when the birds are chirping their sleepy little good-night songs, and the crickets chirp softly in the grass, and the sky is still tinted with sunset glory, and we take the big, white, sweet smelling sheets down, all smooth from drying in the wind and sun, and fold them very neatly, and pile them up and lay something heavy on them if convenient.

Likewise Dorothy H— puts leaves of lavender or some old-fashioned sweet mint or burgamot amongst them.

We dream sweet dreams in them after that.

We don't iron woolen underwear, either, only pull and fold it; and the towels for every day get only a smoothing with the iron, just enough to get the wrinkles out and the folds even. You know wrinkles in your towels are not half as noticeable as they would be in your face.

And in hot weather we cook the big kettle *full* of fresh beef at one time, and we take out some of the nicest pieces to slice; and some other ones, not quite so firm and even, we put aside for hashed and made dishes; and we pour out a good share of the water in which it was boiled for soup; and all the odds and ends we clear of bone, boil down till very tender and there is just enough of the stock left to make it moist, and pour into some deep dish, turn another over it that will press it down well, and set it away to cool, with a weight on it to make it slice nicely.

This last dish may be seasoned quite

highly with herbs, onions, or any preferred flavoring, in addition to salt and pepper while it is cooking, and thus make a greater change.

Now all this may be tightly covered and set in the coolest place you have, as a foundation for the meals of two or three days, instead of spending so much time and having so much fire to cook meat each day.

Have it once sliced thin and nice as a cold dish, with crisp salad; for breakfast chop some as for hash, put in the skillet or kettle with just water enough to cover it, and season with butter and more salt and pepper if needed.

Or for supper, if you happen to be baking pies or biscuits, line some little dishes with paste, chop and season some meat, moisten, add any cold mashed potato you may have if you like, fill your dishes and bake.

Or heat some butter or lard and put slices of the meat in it to fry brown, with a little flour dusted over them; sometimes when it is browned I drop in half a dozen eggs and stir till done, serving together.

And I chop some and mix into little cakes with egg and bread-crumbs, roll in flour, and fry brown.

Any of these dishes may be made and cooked while your coffee and potato is cooking.

For the potato-part I boil quite a quantity at once, taking out all except enough for one meal when they are just done enough to have a fork penetrate easily, but before beginning to look mealy or crumble.

In the morning these can be sliced, dipped in flour, or egg and flour, and fried in hot lard to be quite as nice as those which would take too much time prepared from raw potatoes.

Breakfast, of all meals, seems the one to be prepared quickly. Give me fifteen minutes and a brisk fire and I will give you a neat, palatable breakfast—by "shirking" like this.

And *don't*, dear busy wife and mother, pie and pudding yourself and family to death, when you can get fresh fruit and milk or cream for desserts, food

fit for the gods. Just imagine Apollo or Venus sitting down to eat *pie*!

And then what is the use of piling those beautiful crimson or purple berries, or crisp white spheres of apples, between folds of greasy flour, to ruin both your fruit and your digestion?

Of course such things are all right to eat occasionally, when you really crave them—or if you are like the man whose wife said to me, "John would eat *pie* made of puppy-dogs' tails, if it was only *pie*!"

But for common folks and common times use common-sense and unspoiled fruit, and see if you don't find life better worth living.

And seventeenthly, my dear hearers, before I close or forget it, let me mention a simple remedy for bites and stings.

Yesterday I was out in the garden at the minister's, when I felt a keen pain in the front of my left wrist, and there sat a big wicked-looking spider, all dressed in woolly old-gold—woolly enough for midwinter.

And such a bite! My wrist was pur-

ple in an instant, while pains like hot wires in my flesh ran clear to my elbow.

The minister's wife was frightened and began to wonder what she had in the house that would draw out or counteract the poison.

I didn't like the affair myself, for I had read dreadful things about the bites of poisonous spiders, and my wrist was swelling very rapidly, when I chanced to pass an onion-bed, and in an instant I remembered grandma said onion would antidote stings.

So I pulled one up, cut it in two, bound the cut side over the bite, and in a minute or two the pain began to grow less, and by bed-time my wrist was well, except that for over a week it showed a spot about as large as a dime that looked as if it had been painted purple and orange, and was very sore to touch.

Mud out of some wet spot in the earth is also a quick and effectual relief for stings or bites, and so is ammonia, but one does not always have that at hand.

CLOUDS.

NOBODY looks at the clouds
With a love that equals mine;
I know them in their beauty,
In the morn or the even shine.

I know them and possess them—
My castles in the air,
My palaces, cathedrals,
And hanging gardens fair.

Sometimes I think, star-gazing,
That many a monarch proud
Has far less joy in his halls of stone
Than I in my halls of cloud.

THE BROTHERS THREE.

BY W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "A BACHELOR'S BLUNDER," "MATRIMONY," "NO NEW THING," ETC., ETC.

SYNOPSIS.

This splendid story has become so popular, that although it only began in July, and we printed several thousand extra copies of the July, August and September Magazines, we are almost entirely out of them.

Our improvements in the Magazine have made it so popular, that we are compelled to print over *ten thousand more* copies of the October number than we have printed this year.

We thank our readers very sincerely for their efforts to increase our circulation, and beg to say here that we believe each month will be an improvement on the last.

This story opens in the old cathedral town of St. Albyn's, England, and we are introduced to the principal characters at a Garden Party given by one of the Canons and his wife—they are: The Dean and his daughter, Ida Pemberton, Mrs. Stanton and her daughter Violet, Leonard Fraser, Mr. and Lady Elizabeth Chaine, John Chaine, Wilfred Chaine, and Hubert Chaine, his sons, several Bishops, and others, with their wives and families.

Ida Pemberton is engaged to Mr. John Chaine (who, it is more than intimated, still loves Mr. Arthur Mayne, a poor young barrister who has gone to London to seek his fortune).

This marriage takes place, but as John Chaine has a quarrel with Leonard Fraser (who is killed the same night by a poacher), he is persuaded by his brother Wilfred to fly to America.

Wilfred's object in persuading his brother to fly being that he may become the heir to his father's large estates; he feeling perfectly confident that his father will disown John at once.

How well he succeeded will be told in the following pages.

Hubert Chaine has become, in the meantime, very much interested in Miss Violet Stanton.

CHAPTER XVII.

JUSTICE AND EXPEDIENCY.

BY noon-tide on the following day St. Albyn's and its neighborhood were in the full enjoyment of a piece of news which, for interest and excitement, fairly eclipsed anything that had been known to occur in that part of the world within living memory. Murders, of course, there had been from time to time, in consonance with the law of averages; but these had for the most part been of a vulgar

and commonplace kind, unattended by any mystery, and worthy of remark only in so far as they had served to prove the lamentable depravity of the lower classes. The extraordinary and unaccountable crime which had been perpetrated upon the confines of Mr. Chaine's property was a very different thing from the brutal assault of a detected poacher or the savagery of a drunken artisan; and the more one inquired into the affair the more strange did it appear. The ascertained facts were that, early that morning, Mr. Fraser had been found lying dead in a wood not many yards distant from the highway; that the body exhibited unmistakable marks of violence; and that, as the deceased had not been despoiled of his watch or his money, the hypothesis of robbery must be excluded. There was also a somewhat sinister rumor abroad, to the effect that he had last been seen in company with Mr. John Chaine, at whose house he was said to have dined and spent the evening. This, to be sure, was not in itself an incriminating circumstance; still, it was generally felt amongst the old gentlemen and old ladies who discussed the affair that John Chaine would have to give some account of the manner in which he had parted from his guest. Because, although it might sound rather ill-natured to say so, everybody was aware that relations had latterly been somewhat strained between John Chaine and the violinist.

It was not until after mid-day that her servants communicated the tragic intelligence to Ida, who was as much horrified as she was distressed by it. She had been in a manner fond of the dead man; he had seemed to understand her and had been kind to her; and, despite certain little affectations which she had disliked, she had found him more in sympathy with her ideas and easier to talk to than

any other neighbor of hers; so that her first emotion was that very natural one of purely selfish sorrow with which most of us have sad reason to be acquainted. After a time she began to wonder, as other people were wondering, what enemy so harmless a mortal could have contrived to earn for himself; but even then it never crossed her mind to suspect her husband, who indeed, by Wilfrid's account, had been in no state to leave the house at the hour when the murder must have been committed. She had gathered that there had been an altercation between John and Fraser, and this she had not regretted, because it had seemed to her that an open quarrel was more desirable than an armed truce; nor had she at all regretted John's departure for London, feeling that it would be to her advantage that he should have a day in which to reflect over and repent of his misconduct. But, in the presence of this terrible catastrophe, her irritation against her husband died away.

She was, therefore, wholly unprepared for what lay before her when, soon after luncheon, she was informed that old Mr. Chaine was in the drawing-room and wished to see her. That the object of her father-in-law's visit was to request some particulars as to what had occurred at her house on the previous evening she, of course, guessed; but she was a good deal surprised to find the old man in such a state of agitation that his first words were scarcely intelligible. He was trembling from head to foot; he seemed to breathe with difficulty; and as he stood beside her, holding her hand, his face had an expression of pity and almost of remorse which she was quite unable to account for.

She made him sit down and rang for a glass of water, saying, "You must have walked here too fast; I dare say you have been upset, too, by this dreadful news about Mr. Fraser. You want to know whether I can throw any more light upon the mystery—isn't that it? Well, I am afraid I can't. I didn't see Mr. Fraser after dinner, and all I know is that he went away about eleven o'clock. Wilfrid can tell you more than I can."

She was obliged to put the questions which she saw in Mr. Chaine's face for him, for he seemed to be incapable of uttering them himself. But presently he made an effort and regained something of his accustomed self-command.

"My dear," said he, in that deep voice which had once roused the echoes of St. Stephen's and which was now so broken and uncertain, "Wilfrid will tell me nothing. He is right, perhaps; I don't blame him; probably I should act as he is acting if I were in his place. But the suspense is more than I can bear. All I implore of you is to reassure me if you can. If you say that that is impossible, I shall understand, and I will promise to ask nothing more."

The color faded out of Ida's cheeks, leaving her as white as a sheet. For a moment she was terrified; but soon her common sense came to her aid, and she perceived at once how natural the old man's apprehensions were and how little ground there was for them.

"How you frightened me!" she exclaimed, involuntarily. "Fortunately, I can tell you now what I should not have liked to tell you if it had not been to relieve your mind of a much worse idea. The truth is that John drank more wine than he ought to have done last night, and I am afraid he must have been quite intoxicated when Mr. Fraser left. I was very much vexed when I heard about it; but now I am most thankful, for I see what an awful accusation he may be preserved from by it. You have evidently misunderstood Wilfrid. Naturally, he did not wish to betray his brother; and I suppose, knowing what the facts were, it never struck him that you might suspect John of having been the murderer."

Mr. Chaine shook his head, which had fallen forward upon his breast. "My poor child," said he, "you only confirm my fears. Wilfrid has confessed to me what he apparently did not think it wise to tell you, that your husband and Mr. Fraser came to blows last night, and that the affray ended by John's knocking the other man down by a blow on the head with a heavy stick. Wilfrid, it is true,

asserts that his brother was under the influence of liquor and also professes his firm conviction that the blow was not sufficient to cause death; but I can elicit nothing further from him, and I am persuaded that he is keeping something back. Do I understand that you did not see John last night or before he started this morning?"

Ida made a gesture of assent. "The last time that I saw John," she answered, "was when I left the dining-room after dinner. I thought—I supposed that he was ashamed of himself and did not want to be brought face to face with me."

She had turned sick and faint all of a sudden, and the four walls seemed to be revolving round her.

"Did he leave any message?" pursued Mr. Chaine. "Do you expect him back to-night?"

At that moment a telegram was brought to her, which she perused without remark, conscious of the eager scrutiny of the butler, who took a very long time in getting as far as the door. But as soon as the man was out of the room, she handed the slip of paper to Mr. Chaine and fell back in her chair, pressing her fingers tightly together.

The words which met the unhappy father's eyes deprived him at once of all doubt and all hope. "Detained here on business," was John's curt announcement. "Cannot fix date for return yet."

"You see how it is," Mr. Chaine said sadly, as he gave back the telegram. "John does not mean to return, and all you and I can do now, Ida, is to pray that he never may. The hand of God has fallen heavily upon me in my old age; but your case is harder than mine. I will not attempt to console you, nor is it in my power to make any reparation to you; but what little I can do I will, and so far as mere money is concerned, you may rest assured that you will continue to be treated in all respects as if you were my own daughter. John will henceforth be dead to me: I presume that he is aware of that, and that he will make his arrangements accordingly. A man may in a fit of passion hastily and unintentionally kill another—such things

have occurred before now in the history of our family, I am sorry to say—but I believe this is the first time that any one bearing the name of Chaine has been known to seek safety by flight."

"He may come back," murmured Ida; "he may not have known what he had done. I will telegraph to him at once."

"Do you know where he is?" asked Mr. Chaine. "He gives no address, you see. No, my dear; we must face facts and bear them as bravely as we can. If he had been brave enough to face a coroner's jury, he might very probably have been acquitted; but I fear that his conscience accused him—I fear that this was no unpremeditated crime. As I said before, we can only pray now that he may succeed in effecting his escape."

It is customary to sneer at coroner's inquests, which, in truth, have done something to earn the obloquy so freely bestowed upon them; but there are occasions on which neither the ingenuity of the coroner nor that of his jury can avail to bring about a miscarriage of justice; and the inquiry which was duly held upon the body of the late owner of Hatton Park was conducted in harmony with what appeared to be the dictates of common sense. Wilfrid, of course, was the only important witness, and his evidence was not the less telling because it was given with evident reluctance. He admitted having seen his brother fell Mr. Fraser by a blow with his walking-stick, but seemed to be somewhat confused when reminded that, according to the medical testimony, death had resulted, not from that blow, but from suffocation. When pressed to say whether there had been any subsequent struggle, he declared himself unable to answer negatively or affirmatively upon his oath. To the best of his belief the affray had ended with the blow described; but he would not swear that it had. His chief anxiety had been to drag away his brother, who, as he had already mentioned, was not quite sober at the time; and he could only affirm that it had never entered into his head to dread any fatal consequences from what had taken place.

This was naturally regarded as very

damaging testimony. Every allowance was made for the cruel position in which poor Mr. Wilfrid Chaine was placed; still, it was as impossible to attach implicit credence to his statements as it was to doubt that his brother had fled the country. The evidence of Clark, the butler, was likewise most unsatisfactory. From this unwilling witness it was elicited that his master had been in a state of more or less complete inebriety on the night of the fatal event; that he had left for London early on the following morning, leaving no address and taking no luggage, except a hand-bag, with him; that he had been expected to return the same day, but had not returned, and that nothing had been heard of him since, beyond a telegram to Mrs. Chaine, in which he had stated that he was detained in town. Ida, herself, who was very mercifully dealt with, could only confirm these assertions. The inevitable result was a verdict of manslaughter against John Chaine and the issue of a warrant for the apprehension of the fugitive.

To Ida and to old Mr. Chaine such a result was terrible enough; but to Wilfrid it was not quite sufficiently terrible to be reassuring. A verdict of willful murder would have been a good deal more to the purpose. It was very possible, and not so very unlikely, that John, upon more mature reflection, might decide to risk the pains and penalties attaching to the crime of manslaughter—of which crime, indeed, he had not yet been proved guilty. Moreover, if he read the newspapers, he could not but perceive that it was not he who had killed Leonard Fraser. True, he might have considerable difficulty in establishing the fact of his innocence; but that was just what a stupid fellow like John would be sure not to realize.

"I ought to have told him to bolt off to the Continent at once," mused Wilfrid, regretfully. "In my unfortunate anxiety to help him to baffle the police I quite forgot those accursed daily papers. Well, one comfort is that, if he does come back, he will be obliged to admit that I did the best I could for him, and another comfort is that he will never be forgiven by the

governor. As for his story about Jessie, that will hardly hold water now, I should think."

CHAPTER XVIII.

VIOLET VISITS THE AFFLICTED.

THE worthy Canons of St. Albyn's, with their worthy wives, really liked Mr. Chaine and Lady Elizabeth, while they could not be said to dislike Ida; they were sincerely sorry for these poor people in their terrible affliction and they quite thought that the sudden death of so young a man as Leonard Fraser was a most appalling incident. Nevertheless, since the inscrutable wisdom of Providence had decreed that this visitation should occur, they found an immensity of satisfaction in talking it over, and it may be surmised that the evasion of the presumed culprit was a secret disappointment to some of them.

"One can't help feeling that it is so shockingly cowardly of him," Mrs. Pickersgill said. "Of course he may have had reasons and excuses for being exasperated—that is perfectly possible—but that a man who has been betrayed into committing such an awful sin should not have courage enough to face the consequences is, I confess, almost as bad, to my mind, as the sin itself."

Canon Pickersgill slightly disturbed the serene height of the general sense of morality by remarking that, if he had had the bad luck to slay a fellow-creature unintentionally, he should without doubt have taken to his heels and never ceased running until he was stopped by a policeman; but Canon Pickersgill was notoriously addicted to misplaced levity. He could only wag his head and draw down the corners of his mouth when he was reminded that the worst feature in this lamentable affair was the strong suspicion of its having been premeditated.

Of course no such suggestion, nor any allusion to the painful topic, could be ventured upon in the presence of the Dean, who described himself as "stricken down," and who, in truth, was very unhappy until it transpired that his

daughter's pecuniary position would not be altered for the worse by the unmerited calamity which had fallen upon her.

So, by degrees, excitement and curiosity died down, as they always do. John Chaine, it was evident, had contrived to cheat the gallows; nothing further was likely to be learned as to the motives of his crime; a distant relative of the late Leonard Fraser was discovered, and the interest of St. Albyn's became transferred to this new owner of Hatton Park, who was a widower with a large family and who was not so advanced in life as to exclude the probability of his marrying a second time.

"Another chance for an eligible young spinster," remarked Violet Stanton to her mother, one morning. "I suppose you will make haste to call upon the last edition of the Fraser family."

"I shall do nothing of the sort," answered her mother, in a vexed tone; "I shall wait until we meet them, and I shall not call then unless I am clearly given to understand that they wish it. No one, I am sure, can accuse me of being pushing. As you know, I haven't even been to Chaine Court since this dreadful business, though I should have liked to let Lady Elizabeth know how truly I sympathize with her."

"So should I," observed Violet, meditatively; "and I think I'll do it, too. She is a kind old woman, and she was very nice to me the last time I saw her. After all, one can but be turned away from the door."

Mrs. Stanton, being aware that her daughter was quite as likely as not to do this unconventional thing, protested with some warmth.

"My dear child, what are you thinking of? You don't know Lady Elizabeth nearly well enough to call upon her without me, and for the present they must feel that the kindest thing we can do is to leave them alone. Now I do hope and trust that you won't be so silly as to give offense to people who may still be of the greatest service to you. It is no small matter for a girl in your position to have made friends with Lady Hartlepool, and I wouldn't for the world

have her suppose that you are one of those horrid garrison young women who will take an ell if you give them an inch."

Violet never stood in need of any arguments to induce her to take her own way; but if she had required these, they would doubtless have been furnished to her by her mother. She was warm-hearted; she liked Lady Elizabeth Chaine, and wanted to tell her that she was sorry for her; she was not much afraid of being mistaken for a garrison young woman, and she was certainly not to be deterred from acting as she might see fit by the dread of any such misconception. Accordingly she walked down that afternoon to the stable-yard of her friend, Mr. Wicks, and told him that, if he had nothing better to do with that pony of his, he might harness him to a two-wheeled cart for her.

Fat Mr. Wicks, who was standing with his hands under his coat-tails, his legs very wide apart and a straw in his mouth, touched his hat, grinned, and answered:

"Cert'nly, miss. Mind he don't get boltin' away with you, that's all. It'll do him good to get a bit of exercise, and I sha'n't charge you nothin' for your drive, without you was to let him down and break his knees."

"Let him down!" echoed Violet, with ineffable scorn. "I'm about as likely to do that as he is to bolt with me. If you say much more, I'll order a closed fly, and you may drive it yourself."

Mr. Wicks chuckled. He took a personal and quasi-paternal pride in Miss Stanton, who had learned to ride and drive in her childhood under his tutelage, and who, as he was fond of declaring, could not teach him more about the management of horses than he could teach her.

"Now, that's what I call a real lady," he said presently to his head groom, as she drove away in her pony-cart; "one of the right sort. Which there aint too many of 'em about nowadays, I can tell you."

"Some calls her a bit fast," remarked

the man, with an air of meditative impartiality.

"Do they, indeed, Chawles?" returned Mr. Wicks, fixing his little black eyes upon his subordinate. "You don't tell me so! Well, the very next party as you hears makin' that observation, I should take it as a favor if you'd beg him to step inside o' my office and repeat it to me. If I don't convince him he's a liar in less than a couple of minutes—ah, and induce him to confess it likewise—why, my name aint Peter Wicks, that's all. Fast, indeed! There's some folks as is a deal too fast in talkin' about their betters and a deal too slow in doin' of their own work, I know. And, not to flatter you, Chawles, you're one of 'em. Now, just you go and dress that there gray horse, and look alive about it. D'you think I aint got nothin' better to do than stand here all day listenin' to your foolish talk?"

The rebuked Charles was by no means the only person in St. Albyn's who ventured to think Violet Stanton a little fast in her conduct—nor, in truth, was she fairly entitled to complain of that judgment—but, on the other hand, Mr. Wicks was not her only champion. There was something about her—her unaffected honesty; perhaps—which had earned her staunch friends in all ranks of society; and amongst the latter was Lady Elizabeth Chaine, into whose presence she was admitted shortly after this, and who kissed her affectionately, saying:

"My dear, how good of you to take pity upon a lonely old woman! Not a soul has been near me for the last age. Is it that they look upon us as a disgrace to the neighborhood, do you think? Or is it only that they are afraid to call because they are too stupid to know what they ought to say?"

"I believe I am one of the stupid people who don't know what to say," answered Violet, reddening slightly—for it occurred to her all of a sudden that she had undertaken a somewhat difficult task—"I only wanted to tell you that I was sorry, as everybody else is, about your dreadful trouble."

"Well, that is quite the right thing to say," Lady Elizabeth declared; "you couldn't say more or say it better. Of course ours is a very dreadful trouble; it has made us all more or less ill, and I think it will kill my husband; but sitting alone and brooding over it doesn't make it any the easier to bear. It is a relief to be able to think about something else. If it were not for Wilfrid, I don't know what I should do!" she exclaimed. "He manages to be some comfort to his father, but I can't. No one who hasn't been through it can imagine how trying it is to spend hour after hour in the company of a silent Christian martyr. You must forgive me for talking like this; I know I ought not to do it; but I have never been as good or as religious as my husband, and for the life of me I can't comprehend what satisfaction there can be in sitting all day with an open Bible upon one's knees and dying by inches. Dear me! the men in the Bible didn't behave like that—except, perhaps, Eli; and I suppose he wouldn't have broken his neck if he hadn't happened to overbalance himself."

Lady Elizabeth's impatience was not inexcusable. Mr. Chaine was bearing his sorrow bravely in a certain sense; but he did not seem to realize that other people might be no less worthy of compassion than he was, and there could be no doubt but that he was killing himself. At that very moment the doctor was affirming as much to Wilfrid, with whom he was holding a serious colloquy in the entrance hall.

"Unless you can contrive to rouse him by some means or other, he will slip through our fingers one of these fine mornings from sheer lack of vital force," the local practitioner was saying. "The whole College of Physicians couldn't do anything for a man in his state. There is really no sufficient reason why he should not live for another ten years, if he wished to live; but the mischief of it is that he doesn't."

Wilfrid shook his head and sighed.

"I am doing my best," he replied—and, indeed, to all appearance, so he was.

CHAPTER XIX.

GOOD NEWS.

IN these days—and possibly things may not have been so very different as we are wont to imagine even in the distant days before railways, telegraphs, and the penny post were invented to disturb the peace of the world—most of us suffer from the incessant hustle and bustle which causes us to waste our few spare minutes in sighing for rest. Yet, as a matter of fact, rest does not agree with us; the exceptional persons who obtain it usually die of it, and perhaps there is nothing quite so hopeless or terrible as an absolutely uneventful existence.

There came now to the inhabitants of Chaine Court a period, lasting through many months, which was marked by no important event whatsoever; and why this did not cause the death of old Mr. Chaine was what Wilfrid wondered every day with increasing impatience. He himself was weary beyond all power of expression; the consolations of religion, which apparently sustained his father, were not open to him; he did not care for the pursuits which had interested John; yet he could not go away, because he was supposed to be taking John's place, and because both his parents implored him not to leave them. He did once remark tentatively to his mother that a brief holiday might recruit his strength; but Lady Elizabeth would not hear of such a thing.

"My dear boy," she exclaimed, "your father would be shocked and horrified if it were suggested to him that you are capable of wishing to be amused! He already suspects dimly that you would like to escape from this appalling monotony, and if his suspicions are confirmed, there is no saying what he may not do. No; you must bear your burden—perhaps it won't be for long—and in due season you will reap your reward. Of course the monotony *is* appalling: I'm sure I find it so myself! But nothing can break it except the news of John's arrest, and I suppose we ought really to be thankful that nothing has happened or is likely to happen.

For my own part, I can't be thankful enough that you are in the house. If you went away, I should simply be driven to confide my woes to my maid—which is always a sign of the approaching imbecility of old age."

Lady Elizabeth was very sorry for herself, as well she might be; but in truth the human intercourse for which she longed was not entirely restricted to the conversation of her son and the funeral orations of her husband. So Violet was a welcome visitor.

One afternoon it occurred to Violet to inquire after Hubert, with whom she had half hoped to renew her acquaintance in the latter part of the year, and the answer which she received was something of a disappointment to her.

"Oh! didn't I tell you?" said Lady Elizabeth. "He has been sent off to the Cape with his regiment. Foreign service is not exactly what he likes, and under other circumstances I dare say he would have tried to effect an exchange; but as things are now it was perhaps better that he should go, poor boy! One may hope that by the time he returns people will have ceased to point him out as John Chaine's brother."

So there was an end of any incipient romance which may have been forming itself in Miss Violet's mind. She had not, of course, been enamored of the young soldier; but, equally of course, she had not been ignorant of the fact that she had attracted his profound admiration; and she felt that his departure for a distant colony, without even running down to Southshire for a day in order to take leave, was in some sort a slight upon her, as well as a neglect of filial duty.

But when the hunting began in earnest, Miss Stanton's visits to Chaine Court naturally became less frequent. For the possessor of a single horse to hunt three days a week is what most hunting men would unhesitatingly pronounce to be an impossibility; yet, by judicious management, there is more work to be got out of one horse than most hunting men suspect; moreover, the good-natured Mr. Wicks (upon an honorable understanding that

the matter should not be talked about) was willing to let a certain customer of his have a mount from time to time at the nominal figure of seven-and-sixpence.

It was on a chilly morning in early winter that a piece of news reached Lady Elizabeth which not only gave her something to think and talk about, but which it would have been sheer affectation on her part to treat as unwelcome. She had eaten her breakfast and had almost finished perusing her correspondence when a message was brought to her from Mr. Chaine, who now seldom left his bedroom, to the effect that he would be glad if she would come up-stairs for a few minutes. She found the old man somewhat flushed and agitated, but she noticed at once that his face had lost its habitual expression of despondent resignation.

"Elizabeth," said he, gravely, "something has happened which might have tempted us to repine a year ago. I do not think that we have any right or reason to repine now; although, as Christian people, we cannot but entertain some terrible misgivings with regard to our son John, who has been suddenly called to his account."

He gave her a letter, bearing an American stamp. Its contents, over which she ran her eye hastily, fully confirmed her husband's startling announcement:—

"SIR:—I regret to inform you that I have this day been present at the interment of an Englishman, who, until lately, was known to us as William Brown, but who confided to me upon his death-bed that his true name was John Chaine, and who requested me to place myself in communication with you as soon as he should have breathed his last. After defraying necessary expenses for doctor, funeral, etc., there remained in the possession of the deceased a sum of \$450 (£95 12s. 6d.), for which please find draft inclosed, and acknowledge receipt to the undersigned.

"The late John Chaine, otherwise William Brown, was engaged in agricultural operations in this neighborhood when he met with an accident, through his horse falling with him, and received

injuries which resulted in his death. I understood from him that he had been compelled to leave England and change his name in consequence of his having unfortunately killed a man in a fair fight. He wished you to know that he was innocent of malicious intention and ignorant at the time of what he had done. I was also to convey an assurance of unaltered affection to his wife and the other members of his family.

"I mail to you to-day a packet containing his watch and chain, signet-ring, and two scarf-pins, which I trust will reach you safely.

"Should you desire further details, I shall be happy to furnish you with them, and

"I am, sir,

"Respectfully yours,

"BENJAMIN S. WHARTON."

"JAMESTOWN, DAKOTA, U. S. A."

Well, poor John had never been anything but a most unsatisfactory son, and that his disappearance from his native land might be final was what his mother had necessarily regarded as a thing to be hoped and prayed for; still she was, after all, his mother; so that she dropped a few natural tears upon the concise statement of Mr. Benjamin S. Wharton.

"I suppose it must be true," she said, at length.

"It is difficult to doubt the veracity of a man who incloses a draft for £95," replied her husband, gravely. "You mean, perhaps, that it might be worth John's while to circulate a false report of his death; but I question whether he could afford to pay so large a sum for his security, nor do I think it likely that he would have parted with his watch and the other trinkets which have been forwarded to me. Of course I will write to this Mr. Wharton and request fuller particulars; the truth of his statement, however, seems to me to be as good as proved. I should be a hypocrite if I were to pretend that my sorrow is not lightened by our bereavement."

He was not a hypocrite, although he sometimes talked rather like one. As for Lady Elizabeth, she seldom tried to con-

ceal her sentiments and always failed egregiously when she made the attempt.

"It is better for him to be dead than to live on in the backwoods as a fugitive from justice," she remarked, after a pause.

"I hope so," returned Mr. Chaine, somewhat gloomily.

"And I am sure he was telling the truth, poor fellow, when he said that he had no malicious intention of killing that unfortunate man."

"I hope so," repeated Mr. Chaine, with the same dubious intonation.

"Well, at any rate, it isn't for us to believe the worst about him, now that he has gone. Wilfrid, you know, has maintained all along that the catastrophe was a pure accident. This will be a blow to Wilfrid—and to poor Ida, too."

"I scarcely think so, Elizabeth: what John's parents are compelled to recognize as a cause for thankfulness cannot very well present itself in any other light to his brother or his widow. Still the news will probably be a shock to Ida; for one cannot tell what groundless hopes she may not have cherished secretly, poor thing! I think you should lose no time in breaking it to her."

Lady Elizabeth sighed. She hated agitating scenes, and, notwithstanding her conviction that Ida had never cared very much for John, she felt the awkwardness of having to say to anybody: "I am happy to inform you that your husband is no more." She knew her own sex well enough to be aware that there could be no foreseeing in what manner such an announcement would be received. At the same time, it was clearly incumbent upon her to say what must be said; so presently she went down-stairs and ordered the carriage.

About an hour later she was at the White House and in the presence of her daughter-in-law, who almost immediately exclaimed, with nervous apprehension:

"You have come to tell me that you have heard something about John!"

Since her husband's disappearance Ida had led a life of seclusion which, combined with the natural anxiety from which she suffered, had been prejudicial to her

health. Her complexion, always pale, was now livid; her cheek-bones had become prominent and her great dark eyes had the eager, hunted look which is only produced by suspense. Lady Elizabeth was a little afraid of her; that is, she was afraid that the woman might go off into a fit of hysterics, or otherwise cause inconvenience to innocent bystanders.

"My dear," she said, solemnly, "you must try to compose yourself and to bear in mind that—that all things are ordered for the best. At least, one has always been taught that it is one's duty to think so; and really, in such a case as poor John's, everybody must allow that death is by no means the worst thing that could have happened. As Mr. Chaine very truly says, what John's parents are obliged to acknowledge as a sort of blessing ought not to be rebelled against by—"

"Do you mean that John is dead?" interrupted Ida.

Lady Elizabeth made a sign of assent.

"We have had a letter from America to-day which leaves us without any hope—without any doubt, I mean. His money and his watch have been returned to us. It seems that he was farming in one of those out-of-the-way places, and that his horse threw him or fell with him. It is very sad; still, if you will think of it, what better fate was there open to him?"

"Thank God!" ejaculated the widow, fervently.

The elder lady looked a trifle shocked. It was a comfort that there were to be no hysterics; yet she could not quite approve of such crudity of language.

"I am glad you take it in that way," she remarked, rather dryly; "we were dreading the effect of this news upon you."

Ida made no immediate rejoinder. She admitted to herself that she ought, perhaps, to be sorry; but, on the other hand, she had ample excuses for not being sorry, and, like Mr. Chaine, she did not care to play the hypocrite.

"I suppose my feelings about it are very much the same as your own," was

all that she could finally plead in extenuation of her hard-heartedness.

"If they are, you must be very unhappy and a good deal ashamed," answered Lady Elizabeth. "Yet, after all, you have less reason to be ashamed than I have; for you did your duty to poor John, whereas I never did mine, I am afraid. Anyhow, we were neither of us to blame for his misfortunes, and we should probably not have seen his face again if he had lived for another half-century: we must take what comfort we can from that thought."

In truth, no relative of the late John Chaine stood in need of consolatory reflections. Even if they had loved him, they could hardly, under the circumstances, have deplored his demise; and, as a matter of fact, he had not been lovable. When a man who is afflicted with red hair and an ugly face, disagreeable manners and a nasty temper, sees fit to commit murder into the bargain, he tries human patience a little too highly; nor is he fairly entitled to any deeper mourning than that which conventionality and the purveyors of black crape are willing to devote to his memory for a few months after his disappearance from these earthly scenes.

Of course Ida donned widow's weeds, and the servants at Chaine Court were put into sable liveries, and old Mr. Chaine ordered a hat-band for himself; but her health began to mend as did that of her father-in-law, who not only adorned his hat in the manner mentioned, but proceeded to put it on and drove down to the White House for the purpose of assuring Ida that that residence would be hers for the remainder of her days.

CHAPTER XX.

THE DÉBUTANTE.

VIOLET STANTON sincerely admired Mrs. John Chaine and felt a great curiosity with reference to that lady which she would probably have endeavored to gratify by means of closer intercourse, but for the paramount claims of the Southshire fox-hounds. During the hunting season

Violet practically ceased to exist for social purposes; so that nothing immediate came of the favorable, though indecisive, impression which she had produced upon the philosophic Wilfrid. It was but seldom that she could spare time for a hurried visit to Lady Elizabeth, and when she did drink tea at Chaine Court she did not meet the acknowledged heir, for the very good reason that he was not there. The chief advantage of being a philosopher is that one learns by philosophy to make the best of what cannot be helped, and Mr. Chaine's unexpected recovery was at least a blessing to his son in so far as it gave the latter an excuse for absenting himself from home. Wilfrid was one of those somewhat exceptional men who like London all the year round; he was always pretty sure of meeting acquaintances there, and he rejoiced as much in his return to club life as in his release from the tedium of that which belongs to a semi-inhabited country house.

But one cannot hunt from January to December, and one must attempt to enjoy one's self in one way or another while crops are growing and hedges are green and cubs are attaining maturity. This was what Lady Hartlepool, who made an abrupt descent upon Chaine Court in the month of February, pointed out to the young lady who had been fortunate enough to acquire her interest and friendship.

"I shall send for you as soon as we move up to London," she said. "Aunt Elizabeth wants me to present you and take you about; and even if you don't find that sort of thing particularly good fun at the time, you will be glad to have been through with it afterward. Besides, it may give you the chance of meeting somebody whom you wouldn't mind marrying—which, of course, is the real meaning of it all. Match-making is rather more in Aunt Elizabeth's line than it is in mine; still I could name at least a dozen men who would do very well for you and whom you might like."

Lady Hartlepool was plain in speech, as she was in face. She liked to call a spade a spade; but as this was her natural

habit, it had not that offensiveness with which we have all sad reason to be familiar, now that plain speaking has become fashionable. Violet found her anything but offensive and accepted her invitation with unfeigned gratitude and pleasure.

"One out of the dozen is sure to suit me," she answered, laughing; "for I am not a bit particular. There are only two things which I should consider essential in a husband: he must be rich and I shall be able to scheme on your behalf with a clear conscience, because I am sure that the man who marries you won't repent of his choice."

"Oh! is that all?" said Lady Hartlepool, dryly. "Well, there are a fairish number of bachelors who can ride; but the rich ones are not quite so plentiful. However, we must see what we can do, and I shall be able to scheme on your behalf with a clear conscience, because I am sure that the man who marries you won't repent of his choice."

This was a rather bold assertion to make; but Lady Hartlepool's assertions and actions were apt to be bold, though she committed herself to neither in haste. She had taken a liking to this country-bred girl, and her likings were never half-hearted, nor were her promises ever broken.

Thus it came to pass, that, shortly after Easter, Violet and her modest supply of luggage were deposited at the door of that imposing mansion in Park Lane which the late Lord Hartlepool had caused to be erected when the discovery of coal upon his property in the north had brought him such a vast accession of wealth that he hardly knew what to do with it. The present owner of the coals and the mansion, a homely, middle-aged personage with a bald head and short reddish whiskers, welcomed his wife's protégée hospitably, but was too busy to take much notice of her. Lord Hartlepool was a great man because he was so rich, and a busy man chiefly because such a formidable number of people desired to transfer a portion of his riches from his pocket to their own. Generally speaking, they succeeded; but their demands required investigation, and as Lord Hartlepool took a tolerably active part in politics, his life, when he was in London, was one of incessant hurry and

bustle. Violet had been a week under his roof before she exchanged a dozen words with him.

"You seem to take all this as a matter of course," Lady Hartlepool remarked, in an almost aggrieved tone, as they were driving home from a ball together late one night, or rather early one morning. "I should have thought you would have been either delighted or disgusted."

"But so I am," answered Violet, "I am delighted. If I hadn't seen it with my own eyes, I could never have believed that anybody would spend such a lot of money upon a ball. And the flowers were exquisite, and the music was first-rate, and the partners were—well, the partners were pretty tolerable. Oh! yes; I am quite delighted."

"I suppose," sighed Lady Hartlepool, "it is because I am growing old that I can't make head or tail of you young people. I don't see what business you have to take things so coolly; but perhaps, after all, it is just as well that you should."

"I don't take a good run with the hounds coolly," Violet returned. "There is some excitement about that; but what real difference does it make whether a man who pays you laborious compliments is a grandee or only a humble cavalry officer? At St. Albyn's I dance with cavalry officers, and here I dance with grandees. There is nothing that I can see to choose between them, except that these people are mostly rich, whereas the others are mostly poor."

"But I thought you attached such importance to riches."

"Certainly I do; and that was my reason for dancing four times this evening with Sir Harvey Amherst, who is a gay widower of nearer fifty than forty, and who as good as told me that he was looking out for a second wife. Sir Harvey lives on the other side of the county, as you know; but he sometimes comes out with our hounds, and he goes straight. Once, when he was away from home, I went with a picnic party to Amherst Place, and I had a look at the stables. There were eighteen loose boxes—no less than that!"

"I see," said Lady Hartlepool, resignedly, "that you have nothing to learn. It only remains for me to ask Sir Harvey Amherst to dinner, which shall be done without unnecessary delay."

There certainly was no reason why that wealthy and popular baronet should not be asked to dinner; and if the decree of Providence, or the inclination of the persons chiefly concerned, should eventually bring about a union between him and a girl from his native county whose face was her fortune, there would be every reason for congratulating them both. It was true that he was no longer young; but then he made himself look as young as he could, and he had plenty of money and no children.

"She might easily do a great deal worse; and I suppose one ought not to blame her for taking a more practical view of life than girls of her age generally do," mused Lady Hartlepool, whose own marriage, which had scarcely been one of inclination, had turned out satisfactorily enough.

Sir Harvey Amherst, therefore, was duly bidden to her next feast, and availed himself of the invitation. He was a slim, dapper gentleman whose clothes fitted him beautifully and who was still handsome, notwithstanding the crow's feet at the corners of his eyes. His hair might possibly have been gray if he had allowed Nature to have her own way with him; but there could be no deception about his lithe, youthful figure, and his manners, as everybody admitted, were quite charming. He was decidedly attentive to Miss Stanton throughout the evening, and before he went away he took occasion to put a few questions to his hostess with regard to her young friend's origin and belongings which sounded business-like.

CHAPTER XXI.

SIR HARVEY AMHERST.

If a general plebiscite could be taken in order to decide what are the constituent elements of earthly happiness, the chief of these would probably be pronounced to be health; since the lot of a

robust navvy is unquestionably preferable to that of a debilitated duke or millionaire. Wealth, it may be surmised, would come in a good second; while success and popularity might run a dead heat for the third place, and possibly, as a concession to moralists, a clear conscience might be thrown in amongst other minor *desiderata*. Sir Harvey Amherst, who possessed each and all of these blessings, was rightly accounted a happy man, and, in view of the ingratitude which characterizes the human race, it is satisfactory to be able to add that he himself concurred in the universal verdict.

At the time when he was introduced to Violet Stanton he happened to be in want of a wife. There really was no occasion for him to contract another noble alliance; his position was too high a one to stand in need of added glories, and he had come to the conclusion that Miss Stanton's pretty face placed her, so far as he was concerned, upon a level with any woman in England. Moreover, Violet was, to all appearance, pleased and flattered by his attentions, which were paid with deliberation and delicacy.

"I wonder," he said to her, one afternoon, when he had met her, in obedience to a previous appointment, at Sandown, and was escorting her, by her request, toward the paddock, "whether I could induce you and Mrs. Stanton to pay me a visit at Amherst Place during the summer. It is within easy reach of you, and perhaps you would kindly pardon the shortcomings of a bachelor establishment. I shall get my sister to come down and stay with me, so that Mrs. Stanton won't be without a hostess," he added, to show that he was not oblivious of the proprieties.

"I think we should both like it very much, thank you," replied Violet. "Of course I can't answer for mamma; but as a general rule she enjoys staying with people—whereas, as a general rule, there is nothing that I so cordially detest."

"May I venture to accept that as a compliment?" asked Sir Harvey, insinuatingly.

"Oh! yes, if you choose to look upon it in that light. I once visited Amherst

Place as a humble tripper, and I remember wishing with all my heart at the time that the owner of those stables would invite me to spend a few days with him and let me ride his horses."

The owner of the stables assumed a gratified smile. "I assure you, Miss Stanton," said he, "that you are more than welcome to ride and kill any horse in my possession, with one or two exceptions, and I only make these exceptions because I would a great deal rather die than allow any horse in my possession to kill you."

"That is as much as to say that you don't believe I can ride," returned the ungrateful young woman. "Well, I think I may safely promise not to kill any animal of yours, and if you will kindly put me up on one of the exceptional ones, I hope I shall be able to convince you that there is no occasion for alarm on my account."

Sir Harvey explained that sheer lack of strength, not lack of skill, might cause the best lady rider in the world to be overpowered by a headstrong brute, adding, "I am by no means a first-class horseman myself, and very likely you might succeed in cases where I am obliged to submit to failure; but for all that, I couldn't consent to let *you* run any risk. I must beg you, as a personal favor, not to ride three of the hunters which you will see in my stable: all the others will be quite at your disposal."

"Well, we will see about it," was all that Violet would concede in response to his touching appeal. "My own conviction is that nothing very terrible can happen to anybody who knows how to stick to the saddle, and I have never been thrown yet."

"I almost wish that you had been," Sir Harvey declared. "As for me, I have parted company with my saddle again and again, and probably it is just as well for me that I have lost the self-confidence with which I was blessed once upon a time."

He was proceeding to employ some of those arguments which, unanswerable as they are, never have produced, and never will produce, the slightest impression

upon the mind of a tyro, when his eloquence was interrupted by a smartly-dressed, sunburnt young man, who bowed to his companion, saying:

"How do you do, Miss Stanton? Anne told me you had gone off to the paddock; so I thought I would take the liberty of following you and claiming acquaintance."

For some reason or other which she was unable to account for, the color mounted into Violet's cheeks. Perhaps it was only surprise that had caused her to redden, and probably that was the impression which she desired to convey to the new-comer when she exclaimed: "How you startled me! I thought you were at the Cape of Good Hope, or some such place."

"I was there about a month ago," answered Hubert Chaine, displaying his white teeth; "but now, Heaven be praised! I am here. I've exchanged into the 90th Hussars, and I'm quartered at Hounslow, I'm thankful to say. It was almost worth while to leave one's native land for the pleasure of getting back again. So you're doing a London season under the wing of old Anne, I hear. I'm awfully glad of it, because I expect I shall be able to run up to town pretty often."

"That will be very nice, indeed," said Violet, gravely. "I'm afraid I sha'n't profit much personally by your visits, though, for I shall soon have to begin thinking about returning home."

"Oh! not yet awhile," protested the young man; "I'm sure Anne wouldn't hear of it—she isn't half a bad sort, you know, old Anne—and you can't possibly want to be in Southshire out of the hunting season. Although," he added, ingenuously, "I shall have to go down there myself, before long to see the old people, I suppose."

Sir Harvey Amherst had listened to the above dialogue with some little impatience. He gathered from it that this rather forward boy was the youngest son of his old friend and neighbor, Mr. Chaine, and he was about to address a few patronizing words to the intruder, preparatory to getting rid of him, when

he was touched on the elbow by a sporting peer, who had something important to say to him. Sir Harvey, though no longer a racing man, had once been among the most prominent patrons of the turf, and his opinion upon knotty points was still often requested and always respected. He was not only called upon for his opinion now, but was detained so long before he could enunciate it that, by the time that he was set at liberty, his charge and her young friend were nowhere to be seen. Sir Harvey was somewhat annoyed by his failure to discover them; but in reality they were not far away, nor, if he had overheard their conversation, would he have found anything in it of a nature to cause him disquietude.

"The fact is," Hubert was saying, as they strolled away together across the grass, quite forgetting to inspect the horses in the paddock, "that I rather funk facing the old folks. I haven't seen the governor since all this terrible business about poor old John happened, and something will have to be said about it. Then, if I say what I think, I shall be pretty sure to give offense; because my view certainly won't be the same as his."

"But there isn't room for much difference of opinion upon the subject, is there?" said Violet.

"Well, yes; I think there is. Between you and me, I don't believe that John Chaine committed that murder; he wasn't at all the sort of chap to do a thing of that kind. He might have thrashed the fellow—and serve him jolly well right if he had, most likely—but he wouldn't have killed him."

"He may have killed him unintentionally."

"What! throttled him unintentionally? No fear! The man who killed Fraser meant to kill him; and that's why I'm sure John never did it. You may depend upon it that what occurred was this: he knocked the beggar down, then he either found him afterward lying dead or somebody told him that the body had been found, and then he lost his head and bolted. Of course it doesn't very

much matter now, because he is dead himself, poor old boy, and it's ten to one against the truth ever coming out; but that's my own firm conviction about it."

Violet could not help thinking the theory a little far-fetched; but she liked Hubert all the better for entertaining it. "At all events," she remarked, "Mr. Chaine can hardly object to your believing in your brother's innocence."

"Oh! yes, he can—and what's more, he will. The governor is a queer sort of customer. He doesn't mean to be uncharitable; but he won't allow anybody to differ from him, and as he has made up his mind that John was a murderer, he will be sure to get into a thundering rage with me when I tell him that that hasn't been proved yet. Well, he'll have to rage, that's all; only I should like to avoid putting up his back just now if I could, because this coming home has cost me a good bit of money, and a check would be welcome."

Hubert Chaine was one of those happy men who retain some of the pleasantest characteristics of boyhood up to an advanced age. He always gave everybody credit for being interested in what interested him; he was never unwilling to talk in the most open manner about himself and his private affairs; and it is to be presumed that Violet did not dislike that style of conversation, for she walked about with him until after the next race had been run, and, when he had conducted her back to her chaperon's side, she was glad to hear that good-natured lady invite him to dine on the following evening.

"Hubert is far the best of that lot," Lady Hartlepool remarked, on the way home. "His family don't think much of him because he is supposed to have no brains to speak of; but at least he is a good, honest gentleman, and that is more than I should care to affirm about his clever brother Wilfrid. I wish he were a year older than Wilfrid."

"Why should you wish to deprive him of such a large slice of life?" inquired Violet, laughing.

"Only because I should like him to

be his father's heir," answered Lady Hartlepool.

She was thinking that, if Hubert had been in that fortunate position, he would have made a much more suitable and desirable partner for Violet than Sir Harvey Amherst could be; but, of course, she was not so foolish as to give utterance to her thoughts, and she had formed too high an opinion of Violet's common sense to fear lest anything untoward should result from the appearance of the good, honest gentleman at her dinner-table.

Still one cannot be too careful in one's dealings with young people, very few of them being able, or even anxious, to resist the promptings of nature; and if Lady Hartlepool was bound to show some hospitality to her cousin, it would doubtless have been wiser on her part to invite him for any evening rather than that on which she had been commanded to attend a state concert. For, as Miss Stanton had not had the honor of being included amongst Her Majesty's guests, and as she herself was obliged to go up-stairs and change her gown immediately after dinner, while Lord Hartlepool was struggling into his lord-lieutenant's uniform, there was obviously nothing for it but to leave the two remaining members of the small party to entertain one another for three-quarters of an hour.

It is superfluous to add that this was an arrangement which neither of the deserted ones felt to be in the least objectionable. Hubert ought, perhaps, to have gone away; but he did not conceive it to be his duty to resign a chance of conversing with the girl whose image had been ever present to his mind's eye through so many long months, and as soon as they found themselves in undisturbed possession of the drawing-room, he said:

"Suppose we go out upon the balcony? It's too hot and stuffy to sit in-doors, and I dare say, if you wanted to be very kind, you would let me smoke a cigarette."

Violet unhesitatingly accepted the suggestion and granted the request. Between Lord Hartlepool's house and Park

Lane there was a long strip of garden; so that the broad balcony which adorned its façade combined its advantages of privacy and publicity. Sitting there upon a low easy-chair and gazing abstractedly at the flashing lamps of the carriages which passed to and fro before her in an unceasing double current, she was conscious of pausing for awhile, as it were, to survey the ebb and flow of life, and the momentary respite was not unwelcome to her.

Her companion's prattle, like the fragrance of his tobacco-smoke, produced a vaguely soothing impression upon her; she did not hear a great deal of what he was saying and answered him, every now and then, somewhat at random, though it may very well be that her pleasant dreams would have been rudely dispelled by his departure.

To him, however, the scene and the situation presented themselves under another and a much more exciting aspect. He was a simple creature, as indeed the average young man—who differs so widely in that respect from the average young woman—usually is, and there really was not room in his mind at the time for more than one thought, namely, that he adored his neighbor. He was certainly aware that his means did not entitle him to contemplate marriage and he would have admitted, in cold blood, that he had no business, under those circumstances, to make love to anybody; but these were matters of detail which he had no difficulty in dismissing from immediate consideration. Would it not, so far as that went, have been the most flagrant presumption on his part to imagine that there could be any question of his love being returned? He therefore, with a light conscience, made the most of his opportunity, and, to tell the truth, he encountered no sort of discouragement. Violet, as has been said before, liked him; being a woman, she could not possibly quarrel with any amount of liking that he might have for her, and when he made so bold as to assure her that his chief reason for returning to England had been the prospect of

meeting her again, she neither disputed nor seriously doubted the veracity of the assertion. The youngest and most inexperienced of women soon acquire the conviction that no man's heart is in danger of permanent injury from the accident of having fallen in love with them; and the unfortunate part of it is that they are quite right.

Nevertheless, the pangs of unrequited love are sufficiently painful while they last, and one would not wish any fellow-creature to incur them if one could help it. Such, at any rate, was the view taken by Lady Hartlepool, who, when she appeared upon the balcony, arrayed in the family diamonds, overheard a few words which were not intended for any ear but Miss Stanton's.

"I'm afraid I must send you away now, Hubert," said she. "I'm sorry to appear so uncivil; but the carriage is waiting, and we are bound to be punctual to-night. Just come into the library for a minute before you go, though; I want to show you something."

The young man rose obediently, with a sigh, and wished Miss Stanton good-night. "We shall meet again soon," said he, "for I shall make a point of turning up at Anne's ball on Thursday."

"That is all the more kind of you," remarked his cousin, "because I don't remember having sent you an invitation."

"Well, you told me you were going to give a ball anyhow," returned Hubert, laughing; "I'll excuse you for having neglected the proper formalities. And what have you brought me here to see?" he inquired, after he had been conducted into the library and the door had been closed.

"I forgot that there was no mirror in this room," answered Lady Hartlepool, dryly; "if there had been one, I could have shown you the reflection of a goose. Come to us on Thursday evening if you like, my dear boy, and dance with Violet as often as she will consent to dance with you; but don't go and make a fool of yourself about her—it isn't worth while. She is a very nice girl and I like her very

much; but she isn't quite so unsophisticated as you probably imagine. You may take my word for it that she will never be guilty of the insanity of engaging herself to a pauper. I must be off now—I thought I would just warn you."

Hubert did not care to deny that there were grounds for the warning; he merely remarked:

"I don't see how you can know so much as all that about her, Anne."

"Good gracious me!" returned Lady Hartlepool, impatiently, "haven't I a pair of eyes and a certain amount of intelligence? Besides, I may as well tell you—because everybody knows it—that she is likely to become engaged before long to Sir Harvey Amherst."

Hubert's jaw dropped.

"What! that old chap who was with her at Sandown?" he exclaimed. "I didn't recognize him at the time, but I remembered him afterward. Why, he was as old as he is now—or, at all events, he looked so—when I went to school!"

"Oh! well, of course. But there are no girls nowadays, and you are still, to all intents and purposes, a schoolboy, and as for Sir Harvey, he is a good sort of man in his way. I don't say that I should have chosen him for her, but she seems to have chosen him for herself, and, after all, I am not her mother. You must console yourself with the thought that you wouldn't be a bit better off if Sir Harvey Amherst were dead and buried."

The consolation suggested did not commend itself favorably to Hubert, who made use of some forcible terms in denouncing the heartlessness of fashionable women, and would have enlarged still farther upon that theme had he not been unceremoniously dismissed by his cousin.

"You must say all that some other time," she interrupted; "I literally haven't a moment more to spare now."

So the love-lorn hussar was fain to leave the house and confide his sorrows to the stars, which winked down at him ironically, as they had been in the habit of doing upon countless forgotten generations of similar fools.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE SORROWS OF HUBERT.

THERE are two classes of mortals whose respective characters are almost invariably misconceived—namely, absolutely honest men and absolutely unscrupulous ones. And, indeed, this is but natural; because both are so very rare that few opportunities of observing them and their ways have ever been granted to the earnest student of human nature. Wilfrid Chaine, being simply devoid of any moral sense whatsoever, had from his youth up deceived nearly everybody with whom he had been brought into intimate relations, and although there were one or two persons, like Lady Hartlepool, who instinctively distrusted him, there were a great many more who believed firmly in his integrity. Amongst the latter no one was more conspicuous than his younger brother Hubert. That innocent and unsuspecting youth was wont to judge of people as he found them, and he had always found Wilfrid wise, kindly, and sympathetic. It was, therefore, no wonder that, at a time of some mental distress and perplexity, he should have felt irresistibly impelled to lay his case before so able and amiable a mentor.

Being, however, too shy to make an immediate confession of the fact that he had fallen hopelessly in love with Miss Violet Stanton, he only dropped in at Wilfrid's rooms one morning after breakfast and began to discourse upon a variety of topics, leading, gradually up to his point with a good deal of superfluous circumlocution. After beating about the bush for the best part of half an hour, he remarked that he supposed he would have to go to Anne's ball on the following evening, and inquired in a tone of elaborate unconcern which would not have misled an infant whether Wilfrid knew anything about that girl who was staying with her—a daughter of some deceased Canon of Sir Albyn's.

"I ask," he was careful to explain, "because I thought her rather a nice girl, and I was horrified to hear from Anne that there was a prospect of her engaging herself to old Amherst, who is

looking out for a second wife, it seems. I hope it isn't true."

"One always endeavors to hope that these things are not true," answered Wilfrid, with a scarcely perceptible smile; "but one usually finds that they are. I also gathered from what Anne told me that she was doing her utmost to bring about this ill-assorted union, and I was as sorry as you are. Perhaps even a little more sorry; because I don't mind confessing to you in strict confidence that I myself had had some idea of entreating Miss Stanton to share my humble lot. Supposing that she thinks fit to refuse our friend Amherst, I may yet give her that chance of feathering her nest. I have had other things to think about lately, so that I have rather neglected her I'm afraid; but, if I can find time, I'll try to go to Anne's ball and make up my leeway. Of course I can't pretend to compete with Amherst in point of income; but I have a few other advantages which he can hardly boast of, and I ought in the course of nature to be a tolerably rich man before long. She might do better; but then again she might do much worse."

Consternation and disgust were vividly depicted upon the younger man's countenance.

"I had no notion of this!" he exclaimed, involuntarily. And then, in reproachful accents: "You talk as though marriage were a mere matter of bargain!"

"So it is, my dear boy. The upper, the lower, and the lower-middle classes have always regarded it in that light; it is only that small section of the community known as the upper-middle which marries for love, and to the best of my knowledge and belief the system does not work well in their case. Miss Stanton nominally belongs to the upper-middle; but she has the instincts of the upper class, to which Anne has introduced her, and I imagine that if she deigns to look favorably upon my suit, it will be because I have something substantial to offer her."

"You really mean business then?" asked Hubert, dolefully.

"Well, yes; I think I may say that I

do. My chief business just at present is to try and secure a seat in Parliament; but marriage has become a duty and a necessity for me now that poor John is dead, and upon the whole I would rather marry Miss Stanton than any other girl whom I know."

After that, it was obviously out of the question to expect or solicit fraternal sympathy. Hubert dropped the subject, remarking airily that all this was no concern of his, and that, for his own part, he trusted duty would never compel him to renounce the blessings of celibacy. Presently he took himself off to his club, where he sat for some little time in morose solitude, ruminating upon the depravity of the human race. He was not incensed against Wilfrid, whom he took to be a shrewd, but by no means evilly disposed man of the world; he was only shocked to learn that the sentiments which (as he well remembered) Violet had expressed with regard to matrimony on the occasion of their first meeting were those which she genuinely held and was likely to act upon. He had fancied her superior to the sordid considerations which so many women profess without quite meaning what they say; but that, doubtless, only proved that he had been a fool. He resolved that he would not trouble his head or his heart any more about the girl. Let her marry Sir Harvey or Wilfrid and be happy! It really did not much matter which of them she might see fit to take; although, for choice, he should prefer not to have her for his sister-in-law.

Now, it might have been thought that, under the circumstances, Hubert would scarcely have cared to come all the way from Hounslow, the next evening, for the purpose of attending Lady Hartlepool's ball; but lovers are privileged to be inconsistent, and not a few disappointed lovers derive a certain bitter consolation from proclaiming emphatically that they are not disappointed at all. This most probably was the impression that Hubert intended to convey when he strolled into his cousin's ball-room and carelessly inquired of Miss Stanton whether she could give him a dance. If so, he might

have spared himself the pains of acting a part with Violet, who at once noticed his altered manner and was not slow to divine its cause.

"Delighted," she answered, urbanely. "Which will you have—the next one or number sixteen?"

Hubert said that, as he was afraid he would be obliged to leave before sunrise, he would take the next one, please; so for two or three minutes he had the enjoyment of waltzing with an admirable partner round one of the best ball-rooms in London. There was as yet no inconvenient crowd; the music was as good as the floor, and Violet danced beautifully; still he was willing enough to accede to her suggestion that they should sit out the remainder of the dance.

"I don't want to tire myself out in the beginning of the evening," she explained, by way of apology, "and I don't mind asking *you* to stop, because you are too first-rate a performer to have unworthy suspicions and take offense at them."

He thanked her for the compliment and assured her that he had no suspicions of the kind to which she alluded. He had, however, other suspicions of a far more serious description: and these her behavior, after they had seated themselves in a corner, tended, unhappily, to confirm. For at first she refused altogether to see the point of his ironical remarks about the sacrifices which young women in general are ready to make for the sake of mere wealth, and then, perceiving that he was not to be diverted from his purpose, she took him aback by saying, calmly:

"I suppose you wouldn't abuse us all round in this way unless you meant your abuse to apply particularly to me. Perhaps Lady Hartlepool has been telling you that I am less sentimental and have a keener eye to business than is becoming at my age? Well, that may be true; but at least no one can accuse me of having pretended to be anything except what I am. I have always acknowledged that I am not sentimental, and that I can't see why it shouldn't be just as much a girl's duty as a man's to get hold of money, if she can."

"But it isn't a man's duty to get hold of money, except by some trade or profession," objected the young moralist whom she addressed; "he isn't exactly admired for making it in any other way."

"He would be if there were no trades or professions open to him, which happens, you see, to be our sad case. A girl, if she is very lucky, may get the chance of marrying a rich man, and, if she is superlatively lucky, she may adore him into the bargain; but it really doesn't do to expect superlatives. Personally, I should be quite satisfied with such a positive blessing as twenty thousand pounds a year, or even half as much. An aged and hideous bridegroom would be a drawback, no doubt; but I should never dream of allowing myself to be scared by it."

This little bit of self-portraiture was somewhat too highly colored to be accepted as sincere; but the ingenuous Hubert took it quite literally and looked very sombre over it.

"Well, Miss Stanton," he remarked, "I could understand an ill-natured person saying that sort of thing about you; but upon my word, I can't understand your saying it about yourself."

"Can't you?" returned Violet, with a slight accession of color. "Well, perhaps it doesn't so very much signify even if you can't."

He perceived that he had very nearly succeeded in making her lose her temper; but, as he had not aspired to the achievement of that small triumph, he was in no way elated or consoled by it.

"One of these days you will find out that you have made a very great mistake," was the only rejoinder, which suggested itself to him.

"That," observed Violet, recovering herself and laughing, "is precisely what my mother and every experienced person whom I have ever met would tell me if I were to take it into my head to marry a poor curate. I haven't the slightest doubt that they would be right; so I shall endeavor to steel my heart against poor curates."

"And against poor subalterns, I presume?"

"Naturally. How fortunate it is for me that subalterns can hardly be described as irresistible by their best friends! I forget whether you are a subaltern or not; but I daresay you will excuse my saying that, after having seen a good deal of them at St. Albyn's, I have come to the conclusion that a more densely stupid class of mortals doesn't exist."

"Please accept my warmest thanks and acknowledgments on behalf of myself and the service generally," answered Hubert, who was now growing angry in his turn. "Very likely we are most of us stupid; but I am not sure that it isn't better to be stupid than to be too clever by half."

Sir Harvey Amherst, very smart and sprightly in knee-breeches and black silk stockings, appeared upon the scene just in time to avert an undignified altercation. He had been dining with a royal personage, it seemed, and had therefore been unable to present himself earlier. He trusted, however, that Miss Stanton had not forgotten to reserve the dances which she had so kindly promised him. Having been informed, with somewhat exaggerated emphasis, that Miss Stanton never forgot pleasant engagements, he turned to the young man, who was scowling at him over her fan, and affably introduced himself.

"I am glad to hear that your father is a little better," said he. "I used often to meet him when he was in the House; but we have lost sight of one another latterly. Please give him my kind remembrances when you see him."

Hubert grunted out "All right," and was rude enough to add, "I suppose you were at school with the governor, weren't you?"

"Well, no," answered Sir Harvey, good-humoredly; "I can't claim to have had that honor. Ancient as I am, I did play in the Eton eleven against Harrow within living memory."

The merciless Hubert was upon the point of inquiring in what year Sir Harvey had formed one of the Eton eleven; but Violet whispered a word or two to her elderly admirer, who at once offered

her his arm and led her away; so that insulating query remained unuttered.

It now only remained for a thoroughly disenchanted and disgusted young officer to shake the dust of Lady Hartlepool's ball room off the soles of his shoes and return to barracks. Upon the staircase he encountered Wilfrid, who laughed and said, "Had enough of it already?"

"More than enough," he answered, curtly; "this sort of thing is poor fun for outsiders. You're here on business, I suppose? Well, you had better look sharp if you don't want to be cut out by that made-up old rival of yours. He was skipping round the room with Miss Stanton just now as if he had never heard of such a thing as gout in his life."

Now, if in the whole range of human experience there is one thing more absolutely certain and more commonly disputed than another, it is that the malady known as falling in love is a transient affliction; and a very great comfort this reflection ought to be to those who have had the ill luck to set their affections upon an unworthy object. As a rule, however, they do not seem anxious to be comforted, or grateful to the friends who do their best to comfort them. Nobody was so officious as to comfort Hubert, because nobody knew what was the matter with him; but his brother officers found him uncommonly poor company at this time, while he, on his side, was so little amused by the horse-play which had once delighted him that he was fain to ask leave for a few days and run down to Southshire to visit his parents.

But if there was no bear-fighting at Chaine Court, neither was any amusement or comfort obtainable there. As he had anticipated, he fell out with his father upon the subject of the family disgrace, and, after a lengthy discussion, was ordered to be silent in that fine old peremptory style with which Mr. Chaine's children had always had reason to be familiar. As for his mother, she very soon wormed his secret out of him, though he did not go the length of avowing it in so many words; after which she was heartless enough to laugh at him.

"I remember that you were smitten

with my friend Violet the first time that you met her," she remarked. "Didn't you give her a lead over a five-barred gate, or something? So you have really been constant to her all this long time! How funny of you!"

"I never gave her a lead over a five-barred gate, as it happens," answered Hubert, crossly, "and I never said that I had been smitten with her or that I had remained constant to her. Although, if you come to that, I can't for the life of me see what there would be so very funny in my having done all those things."

"Oh! constancy is always rather funny," returned Lady Elizabeth. "Anyhow, it is rather strange, and not what one expects of a boy of your age, who will have to pass through a great many flirtations before he can take the liberty of falling seriously in love with anybody. Now Wilfrid is really a serious person, besides being of an age to marry, and having the means to do it. I should be glad if he were serious about Violet Stanton, because she is a nice girl and I think she would suit him very well. Still, of course, his choice isn't restricted to her; and if, as you seem to imagine, she prefers Sir Harvey Amherst, well, it can't be helped. All I have to say about it is that I wonder at her taste."

Hubert observed that old Amherst was rather more of a catch than Wilfrid, he supposed, but that he really didn't care which of the rivals Miss Stanton was likely to favor. He did, indeed, try very hard to persuade himself that he didn't care what became of her; but, not succeeding in his endeavor, and finding his parents neither sympathetic nor particularly anxious to retain him with them, he cut his visit shorter than he had intended to do.

For the same sufficient or insufficient reasons he decided to stop a night in London before rejoining his regiment, and having arrayed himself in his very best clothes, made for his cousin's house in Park Lane between five and six o'clock on the afternoon of his arrival.

One should never, even in the case of near relations, neglect those civilities

which politeness requires, and after having been present at a ball, it is certainly right to leave cards upon one's entertainers.

It was not, to be sure, Hubert's original design to confine himself to that formal ceremony; but it became so when he reached his destination, where a rather disagreeable surprise awaited him. For no sooner had he dismissed his hansom than a very smart coach was pulled up at the door, and upon the box sat Sir Harvey Amherst, with Violet Stanton by his side, while behind them were Lord and Lady Hartlepool, together with sundry young men and maidens unknown to the disgusted spectator.

Well, after witnessing such a truly revolting sight as that (because, of course, Miss Stanton's appearance on the box-seat of Sir Harvey's drag was nothing more nor less than an ostentatious advertisement of her engagement), it seemed best to ring the bell hastily, push two cards into the letter-box and bolt; but poor Hubert had been seen by his cousins, who intercepted him as he was turning away, and hospitably insisted upon refreshing him with a cup of tea. He had to submit, therefore, to what could not very well be avoided without an appearance of displeasure which might seem slightly ridiculous, and Lady Hartlepool, who took him under her wing, making him sit beside her while she poured out the tea, evidently felt more sorry for him than some nearer relations of his had been.

"Oh! I suppose so," she said, with a touch of impatience in answer to the question which he could not resist putting. "Nothing has been said to me as yet; but it certainly looks as if the girl had made up her mind; and after all she may be right, you know. Life isn't a romantic business, though middle-aged people and very young ones are fond of making believe that it is. I am middle-aged and you are very young, so that we naturally like to make believe as much as we can; but the chances are that, if we could have our own way with the world, we should create all manner of bothers and unpleasantnesses. Let us be thankful that

that responsibility is off our hands. Tomorrow I shall be relieved of all responsibility for Miss Violet, who is going home to her mother."

"For the purpose of announcing that she has promised to marry that venerable caricature of a masher, I presume?" said Hubert, gloomily.

Lady Hartlepool jerked up her shoulders. "Very likely; but, as I tell you, I haven't had the honor of being admitted into her confidence. Personally, I must acknowledge that I have nothing to complain of, and that if she becomes Lady Amherst she will bring credit upon herself and upon me. Introducing any girl who isn't one's own daughter to society is always a hazardous undertaking, and I ought to be very thankful to her for having given me so little anxiety. Suppose she had taken a fancy to some unmarried young fellow such as yourself, for example, a nice mess I should have been in! And, as far as that goes, a nice mess he would have been in, too! No, my dear Hubert, you may depend upon it that whatever is right, and that we none of us know what is best for us. Now, perhaps, since you are here, you will be kind enough to attend to your immediate duties and hand round the cakes and bread and butter."

It was a very sullen and taciturn young man who performed that duty, and little reward did any of the ladies present meet with in return for the kindly smiles with which they acknowledged his attention. So far as he was concerned there was only one lady present, and he did not give her a chance of smiling upon him, because she had chosen to retire to the extreme end of the room with Sir Harvey Amherst, who, it might be assumed, was capable of ministering to her wants. Sir Harvey, with his elbows on his knees, and his back turned toward the company, was talking to her with much apparent earnestness, and, no doubt, he would have been greatly annoyed by any interruption at that particular moment.

"I can quite enter into your feelings, Miss Stanton," he was saying. "You must have known for some time past what mine have been; still I dare say I have

spoken rather sooner than you expected, and I don't wonder at your wanting a little time for consideration. As for me, I can only say that I am too grateful to you for not having rejected me outright to be impatient. In a few weeks I hope to be down in the country, and then, with your permission, I will call upon you at St. Albyn's and beg for your final answer. Is that a bargain?"

Violet was not looking at him, she was gazing abstractedly at the group round Lady Hartlepool's tea-table, in which a prominent figure was that of a former friend of hers, who had not so much as deigned to shake hands with her.

"Yes," she replied, at length, "that shall be the bargain. The whole thing will be a bargain, won't it? That is, if I consent to it. I hope you clearly understand that I look at the matter in that way. We have been very good friends, but, of course, I am not in love with you, and I don't for a moment pretend that I should accept you if you were poor."

Sir Harvey pulled a rather wry face, for he did not much like that "of course." However, he gallantly concealed any mortification that he may have felt, and declared that Miss Stanton's candor only increased his admiration and respect for her. "And perhaps I may venture to add," he continued, "that I don't altogether despair of eventually earning the love which you refuse me just now, since I have your word for it that no one else has been more fortunate than I in that respect."

"Oh! there is no one else," answered Violet, unhesitatingly. "I don't think I am at all a susceptible sort of person; susceptibility isn't in my line."

Sir Harvey glanced at her with a half-amused, whimsical sort of smile. He had seen a good deal of women in his time, and he thought he knew enough about them to be pretty sure that Miss Stanton was not so hard-hearted as she made herself out. He was much too old to be at all foolishly in love; but naturally he did not take that view of himself, nor perhaps was it unnatural that he should have been blind to the absurdity of imagining that a girl might fall in love with him. He had been told as distinctly as possible that, if he obtained what he wished for, it would be only because he was a rich man; but, having been a rich man for close upon half a century, he was aware of the supreme importance of wealth as a factor in all human affairs, so that this avowal did not shock or discourage him. He considered command of money to be one of his recommendations, and fully expected it to be taken into account, together with good birth, good looks, and good manners.

In any case, he felt no sort of fear of the young soldier at the opposite end of the room who was at that moment taking leave of Lady Hartlepool, and who apparently did not deem it incumbent upon him to pay a similar compliment to Miss Stanton.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PANSIES.

I SEND thee pansies while the year is young:

Yellow as sunshine, purple as the night;

Flowers of remembrance, ever fondly sung

By all the chiefest of the sons of light:

And if in recollection lives regret

For wasted days and dreams that were not true,

I tell thee that the pansy streaked with jet

Is still the heart's-ease that the poets knew;

Take all the sweetness of a gift unsought,

And for the pansies send me back a thought.



SLOCUM'S HOLLER.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

"RIGHT smart jag 'fore ye'll tech th' Holler, but ye cayn't miss it thout'n ye get in the bresh. Jes' foller ther blaze 'n' keep yer nose p'intedly 'n front," and with a cheerful "gee rup," the speaker touched his mule and resumed the ambling trot that had been momentarily interrupted.

On all sides rose the tall, straight trunks of massive pines, their interlacing boughs forming a canopy overhead which effectually shut out the burning rays of the noon-day sun. Off to the right a dim line of green marked the boundary of the "bresh," or scrub, which the traveler had been warned against. Outside of this the forest appeared like a vast park. There was no underbrush to impede one's progress. The view was not irritated by low branches and ragged trunks. Every tree was the counterpart of its neighbors, tall and straight and massive, without branches the lower half of its length, but spreading out in green luxuriance toward the top.

As the sound of the mule's footsteps died away in the distance the traveler paused for a moment to shift his bundle to the other shoulder. It was not large—only a few things tied up in a fragment of brown cloth and fastened to a stick—but it had grown heavy with the long journey. Every movement of the child—for he was scarcely more—betrayed weariness and lack of rest. But he never thought of sitting down: The man had

said that Slocum's Holler was a "right smart jag" yet, and he must reach it before dark. Two nights had already been spent in the forest, and he shrank from a third. Besides, he was very hungry.

"Hit ar' a pow'ful good-lookin' kentry," he muttered, as he glanced about appreciatively, "high 'n' dry 'n' no signs of malarly. I 'low 'f maw 'd a been here 'stead o' way ovah 'n Alabam' she mout a kep' shet o' th' agey. I cu'd wuk right peart on sech lan', 'n' 'f paw'd a squatted on sech I 'low we suttinly ought t' hev 'n orange grove atween us."

Fired by the thought, the lagging steps grew more brisk and a slight flush crept into the sallow cheek. But the momentary energy was too much for the tired frame, and again the steps grew slow and uncertain. Hour after hour went by and still the small figure plodded on. The shadows had shifted from right to left and were now long and wavering. Another hour and the brief Florida twilight would have come, and gone and darkness hidden the faint landmarks. Even now the blazed trees were hard to discern and he had to frequently examine the marks in order to verify his vision. His steps were very slow now and he found it hard—terribly hard—to keep from dropping upon the ground and going to sleep. But the thought of paw and supper spurred him on. The Holler could not be so very far away. Already he could see the forest was breaking into small clearings, while here and there were the white skeletons of girdled trees. They looked weird and ghostly in the twilight, but he did not mind them much. Folks

girdled trees at home, and he was used to the creaks and groans of the giant skeletons. Besides, he was too tired to feel afraid.

At last he came to the foot of a long incline. The forest has almost disappeared now and a footpath could be seen winding in and out among the girdled trees. To the weary eyes of the boy the hill seemed to fade away into the clouds. Could he ever surmount it?

"'N' th' Holler mus' be way ovah beyon'," he said, slowly, as he shifted his bundle, "but I 'low I kin fetch hit. If paw'd know'd I war a-comin' he'd a met me, shore."

As he was toiling up the incline he was suddenly conscious of a quick footstep from behind, the bundle was taken from his shoulder, while a strong voice exclaimed:

"Ye seem tuckered, sonny. S'pose I tote your bundle a spell. Whar ye aimin' fur?"

"Slocum's Holler. I 'low hit mus' be jes' beyon' th' hill?" and he looked anxiously at the tall stranger for confirmation of his words.

The latter laughed good-naturedly.

"My name's Slocum," he said, "'n' I 'low the Holler ar' right squar' on top o' the hill. Mos' strangers seem to think it out o' place, but I reck'n ther name come from the way I hev o' holler-in' arter ther cattle. But what mout ye be'n s'arch of—wuk?"

"My—my paw. Is he wukin' fer you-uns?" The voice was full of compressed eagerness.

Slocum looked down curiously.

"What mout his name be?" he asked.

"Daws'n—Joe Daws'n, like mine. He writ he war a-buyin' lan' 'n' wukin' fer Cap'n Slocum 'n' thet we all war to come down arter cohn plantin'. He 'lowed we'd make 'n orange grove atween us."

There was something in the pathetic voice that made Slocum hesitate a little before answering.

"Thar war a Daws'n wukin' here 'n' he 'lowed ter buy some lan'," he said at length, "but it war a good piece back 'n'—"

"Paw wrote us in shuckin' time," in-

terrupted the boy, eagerly; "he said fer us to wait 'll cohn plantin' so 't he mout get fixed. Maw 'n' me war a wukin' in a fact'ry 'n' paw lotted on us savin' 'nough ter pay our fares. He war a-pay-in' fer the lan', ye 'no."

"An' did yer maw come along o' ye?"

The boy did not reply at once. When he did it was in a low voice.

"Maw war porely," he said, "'n' when her malary time kem roun' she war onable ter stan' hit. Arter she war berried I jes' nacherly started fer paw. Hit war a long way, but I wuked some 'n' walked some. I had ten dollahs arter maw war berried, 'n' I 'lowed ter keep hit fer th' orange grove."

"An' you kem all ther way from Alabam' without 'n money?"

"'Ceptin' what I got fer wuk."

For some time they walked on in silence, then the boy asked, timidly:

"An' yer don't know jes' whar my paw is?"

"Wall—not to say presactly," was the hesitating answer. "Joe Daws'n war a good chap 'n' a fin' wuker, but he war giv'n ter celebratin'."

"He writ he'd done broke hisse'f," said the boy.

"'Twan't reg'ler, jes' now 'n' away," returned Slocum, in what he meant to be a reassuring tone. "He war all right fer a long time 'n' had the lan' mos' paid fer, but Chris'mas war too much fer him. He 'lowed he mus' draw a little money ter celebrate. I haint never seed him sen'."

"But whar could he a-gone?" asked the boy, in a wondering tone and with a trace of despair in his voice. "He wouldn't a-kep' off 'f he war able to he'p hisse'f. Mebbe he war hurted?"

"In sech case I'd a-heard of it," responded Slocum, evasively. Then, as if suddenly recollecting something, he added:

"Seems like I did hear about somebody o' th' name o' Daws'n, or Dawl'y, bein' tooked up at Tampa. He war sent ter jail. I 'low it cayn't be yer paw, but happen it ar', it war shorely better nor tho' he war kilt."

But most of the sentence was lost upon the boy. Weary with long fasting and with every nerve quivering from anxiety and exhaustion, the word "jail" proved the last straw. A little gasp and he sank an unconscious heap at the feet of his companion.

"Pore chap! pore chap!" muttered Slocum, compassionately. "It war almos' cruel ter tell 'im; but he'd a-learned of it termorrer. I reck'n he aint seed a squar' meal sence he lef' Alabam'. Nance 'll hev ter take 'im in han'; shorely." And he gathered up the little figure in his strong arms and strode away into the darkness.

Before he reached the top of the hill the tired eyes had opened and the boy was struggling to escape from his grasp. But with a "keep still, sonny," the man strode on, and presently entered a small kitchen where a pleasant-faced woman sat knitting.

"Here, Nance, is a chap as wants a rousin' good supper," and he deposited the small figure on a gayly dressed lounge.

But the boy was too tired to eat. Before he had taken half a dozen mouthfuls his head sank upon the plate and he was in a deep sleep.

When he awoke the sun was shining through the window and he could hear the rich chorus of mocking birds outside. A strong odor of jasmine and oleander pervaded the room. With a low sigh of contentment he turned over and was once more asleep.

It was late in the afternoon when he finally awoke and sought the kitchen. A bountiful dinner awaited him. As soon as his hunger was satisfied he left the house in search of his new friend. He was found back of the house budding orange trees.

"I'd like some wuk now, Mr. Slocum, ter pay fer my dinner," he said, simply. "I kin hoe cohn, 'n' tote water, 'n' saw wood, 'n' mos' anythin'."

"I reck'n ye'd better res' a few days 'fore ye talk o' wuk," returned Slocum, as he dexterously slipped a bud under the bark. "You jes' hang roun' a few days 'n' git usen ter things."

"I 'low I'd ruther wuk now," answered the boy. "I couldn't sleep ter-night a-thinkin' o' what I owed ye."

Slocum looked at him curiously.

"How'd ye like ter wuk fer me reg'ler?" he asked. "Thar's lots o' jobs I mout keep ye at."

The boy's face grew eager.

"'N' be paid fer hit?" he asked.

"Shorely. Say a dollar a week 'n' board."

"'N' kin hit go ter pay fer paw's lan'. You-uns 'lowed he'd a-wuked some fer hit?"

"Ye paw 'greed fer ten acres an' war ter pay a hunderd dollars," said Slocum, watching him closely. "He wuked about seventy 'fore he lef' 'n' 'lowed ter pay it all in a year. He got 'n acre or mor' cl'ared 'n' put up a little shanty. Now, 'f ye'd like ter wuk the res', I'll make out a cl'ar deed j'intly atween you 'n' yer paw."

"I kin pay ten dollahs now," said the boy, his cheeks flushing, "'n' I 'low I'll sleep in ther shanty o' nights. I'd be on han' right early fer wuk."

"Mighty lon'some down thar 'n' th' woods. Ye'd shorely be skeered o' yer life."

"I don't skeer like I usenter," answered the boy, simply. "I don' got ovah thet 'n' Alabam'. 'Sides, I nevah slep' on my own lan'. I 'low hit'd be pleasan'-like. I mout wuk a little even-in's—burnin' stumps 'n' sech."

As the weeks went by Slocum found that he had secured more than an ordinary boy's work. Nothing seemed to escape the big, round eyes of the fallow-faced lad. As he had said, he seemed able to do "mos' anythin'." None of the men knew better how to drive cattle or hoe "cohn," how "goobers" should be banked or "cot'n plants keered fer." If a fence showed a weak point he discovered it even before the cattle, and was ready with hammer and nails. The "razor-backs" soon came to realize his presence as antagonistic, and skurried away with angry grunts. Hunt as they might around the truck-patch there were now no loose palings to be found, and they had to wander away into the woods

in search of food. If an orange tree showed signs of scale or "die-back," he was pretty sure to be the one to discover and report it.

"I mout jes' 's well curl up 'n th' hammock 'n' go ter sleep," grumbled Slocum, good-naturedly. "The yonker's jes' nacherally all eyes 'n' looks arter everythin'."

"Mighty lucky fer me thar is some un ter look arter my kin'lin's 'n' water," responded his wife, smiling across the table to where the boy sat eating.

He flushed a little.

"I war brunged up ter look arter thin's," he said, apologetically. "Maw usenter say 'twar wuk as made a man."

As the months went by the thin frame gradually filled out, and by the time the oranges began to take on their golden hue the old listlessness had almost disappeared. But still there was an eager, wistful look in the great brown eyes which showed the mind was not at rest.

By this time he had become familiar with Slocum's extensive range, but the great point of attraction was the little nursery back of the house. Here he often lingered to watch the men budding and pruning trees, or dividing and setting banana and pineapple plants. One day he asked Slocum to let him try the budding knife.

"Hit looks easy," he said, "'n' I'd like ter learn right well. Paw 'n' I'll wanter be makin' a grove arter awhile. Seems like I mout learn atween wuk."

After this a short time was spent in the nursery each day, and before "orange pickin'" arrived he had become quite an expert with the knife.

One day Slocum came up to where he was working and handed him a paper.

"It's ther deed," he said, "'n' ye mus' take keer on it. I've made it j'intly atween you 'n' yer paw. But I 'low ye'll keep on wukin' jes' ther same?"

"'N' th' lan's ourn ferevah 'n' all ther worl'?" asked the boy in a low, strained voice.

"Yes."

With a low, solemn movement the paper was raised to his lips.

"'F maw war here," he said.

"But ye'll keep on wukin' jes' ther same?" asked Slocum, after a long pause. "Ye're so handy I kin 'low a little more'n pay 'n money ev'ry week."

But the boy did not seem to hear. A strange, far-away look was in his eyes and his lips moved inaudibly.

"I 'lows," he said at last, "thet I mus' go 'n' look fer paw. Mebbe he's sick 'n' a-wantin' some un. Mebbe he cayn't he'p hisse'f. Maw cayn't go ter 'im now, 'n' hit seems like she war a-tellin' me."

Slocum felt a sudden moisture come into his eyes.

"But you couldn't be with him," he said; "th' gov'ment's very pertic'ler with convicts. Chance 'f they'd let ye speak ter him."

The boy looked troubled.

"Not 'f I tole about maw not comin'?" he asked.

"I'm 'feared not. 'Sides, how kin ye fin' him? Ther convicts aint kep' in pris'n but hired out ter wuk. The're scattered all roun' th' kentry wukin' on railroads 'n' in ther canals. Some ar' way down 'n ther Everglades, some ar' in Levy County, 'n' I 'low I did hear a big gang war 't wuk on ther new dirt road down 't ther medders. Ye'd better stay here t'll yer paw gits out. Ye mout galivant roun' a year 'n' not fin' him."

"I 'lows I'll try," was the quiet answer.

"Wall, 'f yer boun' ter go I s'pose I kin take ye down fur's th' medders. It ar' only twenty miles. Mebbe I kin fin' out some way ter he'p ye."

For a moment the boy's eyes sparkled. Then he said, slowly:

"I reck'n I'll hatter go by myse'f. Paw mout feel oneasy like afore ol' fren's. 'Taint 's though he war a-wukin' free like."

An hour later he was on his way through the woods. Far into the night he walked and only crept under the bushes when it became too dark to see. But with the first light he was up and on his way. It was late in the afternoon when he found himself working his way slowly through the thick underbrush that

skirted the new dirt road. The land was rich hummock and a perfect tangle of tropical growth and creeping vines. Every step was fraught with difficulty. But at length he found himself on the edge of a deep cut which was evidently the scene of recent labor. Tools were scattered about in all directions. On one side a long line of empty kettles and baskets showed where the noon-day meal had been taken. But where were the men?

He had not long to wait. Presently they came filing from the woods, a long line of slouching figures in striped suits, each one bearing a small vessel of water, which he seemed anxious not to spill. On either side walked several armed guards.

How the boy's face flushed and paled as he watched the procession wind into the defile! How his big eyes wandered hungrily from one form to another! But he could not satisfy himself. He must get nearer. They all looked alike in those horrible suits.

As he was making his way down the bank he was seen by one of the guard.

"Scurry back there, youngster," and an ominous click accompanied the words, "we 'low no monkeyin' round here."

Retracing his way into the woods, he made a long detour and came out near the point where he had first seen the men. A little search revealed the spring where they got water, and he was soon concealed in the dense undergrowth near by. An hour went by and he was then rewarded by seeing one of the guard come down the path swinging a bucket.

He was a young fellow and had a merry, good-natured face. The boy resolved on a bold move.

As the man stooped to fill his bucket he was startled by a light touch on his shoulder. With a quick movement he sprang aside and brought his rifle into position.

Seeing the boy, he gave an uneasy laugh.

"It's tolerably risky, sonny," he said, "to come on a guard that way. Convict guards are apt to be rather careless with their shooting-irons. But what's your business?"

In a few words the boy stated his desires. As the guard listened the look of displeasure slowly left his face and was succeeded by one of interest.

"It does seem rather hard," he admitted, "to keep a chap from speaking to his pa; 'specially when he hasn't seen him for so long. I'm not sure as he is in the gang, but I think so. A tall, good-looking fellow with a heavy mustache?"

The boy nodded eagerly.

"An' I kin see 'n' speak to 'im?" he asked.

"If I can arrange it. The rules are mighty strict, an' it won't do for me to let the foreman know. I think I will ask your pa to come down and help me carry water. If you see any one else coming you must hide in the bushes."

It seemed a long waiting to the anxious, impatient boy, but at last he heard footsteps coming down the path. A moment later the guard paused with:

"Here, Dawson, is a chap to see you."

With a little gasp the boy sprang forward, but there were no arms outstretched to meet him.

Wondering, he looked up.

A dark, strange face looked down at him curiously.

"Hit are not my paw," he cried.

"I 'lows thet ar' a plumb fac'," said the man, grinning.

For a moment they looked at each other.

"My paw were tooked up at Tampa fer celebratin'," said the boy at last, "hev you-uns hearn o' 'im?"

"Naw. I war took thar fer celebratin' myse'f 'n' my name's Daws'n. I nevah heered o' any mo'."

"My paw war took Chris'mas."

"'N' I 'lows I war took Chris'mas myse'f."

A great light was dawning on the boy's face. He looked at the guard and said in a slow, wondering voice:

"Hit 'pears like my paw war nevah tooked up. He di'n' celebrate 'n' warn't took ter jail."

The guard smiled sympathetically.

But here another thought came to the

boy. If his father had not been arrested, where was he?

With a low moan he sank upon the ground.

"My paw ar' dead," he wailed, "my paw ar' don' dead. He war thet fon' o' maw 'n' me he'd nevah a-kep' off 'cep' 'in' he war dead."

How long he lay there he never knew, but when he roused himself wearily the guard and his charge had disappeared and darkness was stealing into the woods.

Two days later Slocum was surprised by his return. But what a change the few days had wrought. All the old light and eagerness had died out of the big eyes and were succeeded by a dull look of hopelessness. Even the nursery had lost its attractions.

"I 'lows I don't keer fer makin' 'n orange grove no mo'," he said to Slocum one day; "hit 'pears like losin' paw's jes' taken the life outen me."

One day, a few months later, as Slocum was driving to town for groceries he met a tall, dark man at the foot of the long incline. The stranger was walking rapidly and carried a large valise.

As they neared each other Slocum reined in, with a startled exclamation:

"Joe Daws'n, by the livin' jingo!"

"Shorely, 'n' mighty glad ter see ye, Mister Slocum. But ar' my wife 'n' little Joe here? Hev they come yet?" the voice was eager and anxious.

"Your wife ar' dead, Joe; but ther boy's here, 'n' I 'low he ar' a chap to be proud on."

But the stranger seemed to hear only the first part of the sentence.

"Dead!" he repeated in a dazed tone, "Betty dead!" and he sat down his valise and passed his hand slowly over his forehead.

By this time Slocum had turned his horse's head toward home and he now said, kindly:

"Jump in, Joe; thar's a little chap on ther hill as wants ter see ye," then as Dawson complied, he asked in a curious voice, "whar ye kep' yerself all ther time?"

"Hit ar' a long story," Dawson replied, "'n' I can't tell hit now. But the

p'int's ar' thet I was drunk—plumb crazy—'n' mus' a got with a lot o' sailors. When I sobered up I war at sea 'n' boun' fer Injia. From thar we went to South America 'n' hit's only jes' now as I've been able to git home. But I've got all my wages," he added, after a moment's pause, "'n' kin pay fer ther lan' 'n' buy some mo'."

"Ther boy's don' paid it," said Slocum.

Dawson looked at him inquiringly.

But at this moment they drove up to the house and there was the boy coming out with an empty bucket.

A careless glance and then a wild—

"Paw! paw! O paw! O paw!" and they were in each other's arms.

Half an hour later they were sitting on the bench in front of their own cabin.

"'N' ye've don' broke yoursef fur shore?" the boy was asking.

"Plumb shore. With ther good Lord's he'p I sh'll nevah celebrate no mo'."

AN ALL HALLOW E'EN IMPROMPTU.

BY AUGUSTA DE BUBNA.

THE Kitty Kat Klub were in council. It was the last week in October, and something must be done to "celebrate the day," or rather night, of the thirty-first, All Hallow E'en.

"We want to get up something impromptu, inexpensive, and interesting, you know, Miss Dalton," said Kitty Wood, who was, as usual, the spokeswoman in importuning Miss Oracle.

"Well, let me see," replied Miss Dalton, meditatively, "I have just come across an article upon the subject; supposing I read to you what interested me, and from that you can formulate your plans for the 'impromptu' entertainment."

"Just the thing! What a witch you are, Miss Dalton!" cried Kitty, clapping her hands. The three girls then seated themselves, and Miss Dalton read as follows:

"'All Hallow E'en, or Eve, is so called because it is the night immediately preceding 'All Hallowmas, or All Saints

Day," which is the first of November, and is observed by the Roman Catholic, Protestant, Episcopal, and Lutheran Churches as a festival in honor of all the saints.

"In the ancient Calendar of the Church of Rome is found the following observation on the first of November:

"The feast of old fools is removed to this day."

"No doubt this setting aside of November first as sacred to old fools, as well as to all the saints, is due to the foolish customs practiced by the young fools, the charms, incantations, and spells and tricks which are so universal on the night preceding All Hallow E'en.

"There is a superstition prevalent in Catholic countries that upon this night it was at one time customary for the devil and all his imps to go about capturing souls.

"After the Pantheon at Rome was given to Pope Boniface for a Christian Church, his Satanic Majesty discovered his "occupation gone" in a measure. He therefore called together his army of imps and held an indignation meeting, protesting against the effective progress of the pious monks. Odilo, an Abbot of Clagny Monastery, once hearing the harangue gave orders that there should be a day set apart henceforth for prayer, not only for the souls of the living, but for those of the dead as well. Accordingly the first day of November was consecrated to "All Saints and Angels," and the second of November to "All Souls."

"In South Germany there is a very beautiful custom of decorating the graves of the beloved dead with lamps and flowers upon the night preceding; the day following, the priests sprinkle them with holy water.

"It is said that all spirits, both of the visible and invisible world, walk the earth "All Hallow E'en." Devils and witches are believed to be abroad, and the fairies are said to hold high carnival.

"There is no other date in the whole twelve months around which clusters so many popular superstitions.

"It is impossible to trace, accurately, the origin of these, but since they are

wholly devoid of any religious character, they would seem, together with all the other associations, connected with the occasion, to be relics of the Pagan times.

"Nuts have always borne a prominent part, as they still continue to do, in the festivities of Hallow E'en.

"Hutchinson, in his history of Northumberland, compares Hallow E'en to the ancient Roman festival of Pomona, and says that the divinations and consulting of omens, still practiced on the former occasion, were a part of the ceremonies of the latter. "Hence," he proceeds, "in the rural sacrifice of nuts, propitious omens are sought touching matrimony."

"Two nuts are placed in the fire by a young man or maiden, and named for his or her sweetheart. If they lie still and burn together, it prognosticates a happy marriage or a hopeful love; if, on the contrary, they bounce and fly asunder, the sign is unpropitious.

"An ancient English poet thus alludes to the custom:

"Two hazel nuts I threw into the flame
And to each nut I gave a sweetheart's name;
This, with the loudest bounce me sore amazed,
That, in a flame of brightest color blazed,
As blazed the nut, so may thy passion grow
For 'twas *thy* nut, dear, that did so brightly
glow!"

"Nuts, however, are far from monopolizing the customs of Hallow E'en. Apples vigorously contend with them for supremacy.

"A method of determining the constancy of a lover is to take two wet apple-seeds, name each for a sweetheart, and place them upon each eyelid. The one which drops off first is faithless, while the other is "tender and true."

"Another familiar custom is for a young girl to take the skin of the apple she has pared, and after swinging it three times around her head, to throw it on the ground, when it will at once show the first letter of her future husband's name.

"Another matrimonial forecast is to blindfold the person seeking "to know," then place him before three dishes. If he dips his hands into the vessel containing dirty water, his partner will be a

widow ; if into clean water, a maiden ; if into the empty dish, he is a bachelor doomed.

" 'Cabbages also figure effectively in All Hallow E'en practices. In Scotland the lassies go out blindfold to the fields, and each gather a head, they then return to the fireside to inspect their prizes, and accordingly as the cabbage is large or small, fair or marred, so will the appearance of the future husband be ; the quantity of earth adhering to the cabbage denotes the amount of fortune he will have ; and the flavor of the vegetable, whether sweet or biting, determines his disposition.

" 'Dumb cake is a favorite Hallow E'en charm in some of the North Counties of England. It must be made between the hours of eleven and midnight.

" 'A handful of wheat flour must be put on a sheet of white paper, sprinkled over with a pinch of salt. One of the party then makes up the whole into a dough, being careful to use clear water.

" 'Each young woman then rolls out a piece of dough into a round, flat cake, upon which she puts the initials of her name, with a new pin. The cakes are then set before the fire. Before midnight the cakes must each be turned once. When the clock strikes twelve the husband of her who is to be married first will appear and lay his hand upon her cake. From the beginning to the end of these proceedings not a word must be spoken, hence the name Dumb cake.

" 'Another cake is made of Indian meal and water, with this rather thick dough is put a dime, a button, a ring, and a thimble. Each maiden then, blindfolded, cuts herself a slice. The one who gets the dime will get a fortune. She who obtains the button, will be poor all her life. The ring-slice denotes a happy marriage, and the thimble means a life of single blessedness !

" 'The prettiest trick of all, however,' said Miss Dalton, laying down her papers and addressing the three girls, who were deeply interested in these charms, "is one I tried myself, when quite young—and," she added with a smile, "they say it is 'sure to come true.' "

"Oh ! go on, do tell us !" cried the girls in chorus.

"Well, it was in this wise : we girls all assembled in the kitchen. Upon the table there was placed a vessel of clean water, and a pan of yellow Indian meal. Into another pan we each mixed three small *balls* of Indian meal and water, making them very lightly ; into each ball we inserted a small folded slip of paper upon which we had written the names of those of our lovers who were nearest and dearest. When finished, each girl, singly, dropped her three balls all *simultaneously* into the vessel of clear water, and hung breathless over it.

"Presently up will pop one of the folded papers—and you may imagine with what interest it is opened and read !"

"And it is sure to come true ?" queried Kitty.

"That is what was told me," replied Miss Dalton.

The girls wondered if *her* paper was a blank, but they did not ask any more questions.

"Well," said Miss Derwant, "how do you think it would do to ask the boarders all to assemble in the kitchen All Hallow E'en at eleven o'clock, I am sure the cook will be willing to abdicate. We can have the nut tricks, the apple charm, dumb cake, and Indian-meal balls, to say nothing of any other proceeding any one may suggest there for entertainment. We will have nuts of all kinds, of course, apples, cider, doughnuts, a real 'inexpensive, interesting, and impromptu' affair, you see !"

"Agreed !" chimed in the other girls.

Accordingly, at the breakfast plate of each boarder at Miss Dalton's, on the morning of October 1st, was the following invitation :

THE KITTY KAT KLUB

AT HOME

in

The Kitchen,

Oct. 31st,

1891.

THE VOYAGE OF ARABELLA.

BY ELLEN DOUGLAS DELAND.

ARABELLA ATKINS was her name,
 And Dover was her dwelling.
 The things she hated most in life
 Were geography and spelling.
 She fell asleep with a book in her hand
 And dreamed she was on the ocean,
 Bobbing about in sight of land
 With a curious kind of motion.

The land she saw was the Sandwich Isles,
 They were made of home-made bread,
 With slices of ham laid in between—
 Very good, the inhabitants said.
 Then Arabella Atkins sailed away,
 Till she came to the coast of Japan,
 Where she felt a breeze that made her
 sneeze,
 For every one carried a fan.

And all she saw as she walked the streets
 Were Japanese fans and umbrellas,
 So she sailed across to the opposite shore,
 And called on the Chinese fellows.
 The people there all seemed to be
 cracked—
 For china, you know, is fragile—
 And they all ate rice and hunted mice
 In a manner amazingly agile.

Arabella Atkins skipped along
 On the top of the Chinese wall
 Till she came on a sign which read,
 "Pekin."
 But she couldn't peek in at all,
 For a voice she knew, in tones severe,
 Said, "Bound the State of Maine."
 No longer in China, poor Arabella woke,
 And sighed, "I'm at home again."
 —*Harper's Young People.*

TO THE GIRLS AND BOYS.

WE offer a prize of ten dollars to the
 boy or girl who will most correctly
 answer the one hundred questions on
 American history which will appear in
 this department at the rate of ten ques-

tions a month. All answers to be sent
 to "Girls and Boys" department,
 ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, Phila-
 delphia, Pa.

QUESTIONS.

1. When and by whom was America discovered?
2. What discoveries were made in 1497, 1498, 1499, 1501, and by whom were they made?
3. How did America receive its name?
4. What discoveries were made between 1507 and 1541, and by whom were they made?
5. Who made the first settlements in the New World, and where were they?
6. How many expeditions did Raleigh make, and what were their effects?
7. What were the London and Plymouth Companies, and what did they do?
8. When and by whom was Quebec founded?
9. What were the most important events in Captain John Smith's life?
10. Where were the first Dutch settlements, and when were they founded?

FOR BROWN EYES.

BY SALLIE JOY WHITE.

WHAT is this, my little girl?
 Eyes and sky both weeping?
 Fretful words on lips from which
 Gay song should be leaping?
 Look across the hill, just where
 The golden-rod is gleaming,
 Making sunshine through the gloom
 Like a glad face beaming!

Don't you see the lesson, dear?
 (She who can't may read it!)
 It will clear the day for you
 If you'll only heed it:
 You should be the home-sunshine
 All our gloom beguiling,
 Making life's gray days seem bright
 With your brown eyes smiling.

—*Wide Awake.*



EDITED BY ELIZABETH LEWIS REED.

All communications for this department must be addressed to E. L. Reed, Editor Woman's World, ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, 532 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

We cordially invite our readers to ask questions in connection with this department, which we will endeavor to answer, and also to send us any suggestions which they may have found useful in their own housekeeping.

FASHION NOTES.

FIG. 28 forms a handsome odd waist to wear with silk, lace, or woolen skirts. It may be of China silk, surah, crêpon, crêpe, wash silk, etc., and trimmed with lace, appliqué, embroidery, or passemen-



Fig. 28.

terie. The lining is close-fitting, with the outside shirred at the neck, back, and front. It opens toward one side, has full sleeves and a ribbon belt. The cuffs, collar, arm size, and shoulder trimmings are of passementerie.

840

Fig. 21 shows a graceful sleeve for soft woolen, silk, or cotton materials. The deep cuff is of the same or a contrasting



Fig. 21.

goods, with the upper part gathered toward the back and drooped low over it. Full gathers at the top.

Fig. 26 is appropriate for cloth, cashmere, piqué, or gingham, for a boy of two to four years. A leather belt is worn and the trimming may be of embroidery if the dress is cotton. The back is close-fitting and the fronts laid in folds from the shoulders a centre that fastens in Brenton fashion, sewed down on one side and hooked over on the other. Broad rolling collar and cuffs.

Fig. 14 is of the flat order designed to become very popular. It may be of velvet or felt cloth, which is draped loosely



Fig. 26.

over the saucer-like shape, having a flat knot in front and pointed handkerchief pieces in the back. Curving beaded aigrettes and a large jet ornament fur-



Fig. 14.

nish the trimming with velvet ribbon ties.

Fig. 18 is handsomely shown in heliotrope silk, though woolen goods finished with an edging of gimp would be very



Fig. 18.

stylish. The long coat bodice has a vest cut in points, fastened invisibly and opening over a V and high collar. A lace jabot outlines the coat edge and the sleeves are high. The skirt has a fan back, plain front and quilling across the edge, which is pinked and laid in quadruple box plaits.

Fig. 23 should be of two materials. The skirt has a plaited back, round

and revers ending as a round collar. Girdle of ribbon, deep cuffs, and full sleeve uppers. Vest of China silk full from the sides and shirred in a double



Fig. 23.



Fig. 12.

ruffle down the outer front. For a miss of twelve to fifteen years.

Fig. 15 shows a variety of shapes that will be fashionable for felt shapes during

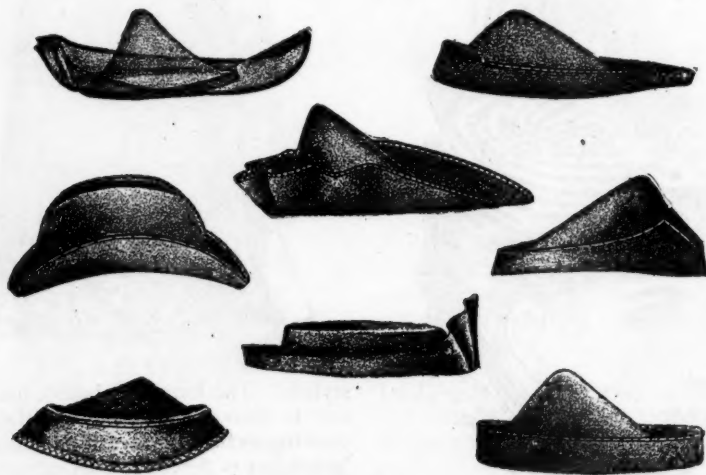


Fig. 15.

bodice fitted by gathers in the back at the waist line, coat pieces, jacket fronts,

the coming season. The peaked crowns will be quite a feature in shapes.

No. 12 represents a handsome design for a China silk, nainsook, dimity, or French percale night-dress, which is trimmed with a silk, linen, or cotton feather stitching, according to the material employed, on the collar, cuffs, and front. The garment is shirred across the shoulders in front to form a straight yoke, with the back in three plaits or fulled to a plain yoke. The broad sailor collar fastens with colored ribbon, similar bows decorating the turn-over cuffs.

No. 11 shows a neat design for dimity, nainsook, cambric, percale, silk, fine flannel or taffeta night-dresses. The garment is laid in three plaits on each side,



Fig. 11.

the edges of which are scalloped and worked in a buttonhole stitch. The working of the first plaits extends below the waist-line and the others are graduated accordingly to imitate a yoke. The centre-box plaits are worked on both edges. The neck is finished with a standing frill, tapering narrower in front, which has the edge scalloped. A neck ribbon gives a dainty touch. The deep cuffs are opened up the back and scalloped all round. The back is laid in five box-plaits caught to the waist-line.

STYLISH COMBINATIONS FOR FALL.

The idea of using two materials in one gown is not to be overlooked during the coming season, but will undoubtedly prevail as it has in the past. It is convenient for re-making an old costume, and for a new gown obtains a striking effect without a costly outlay.

The chief contrasting material thus used will, of course, be velvet; and why not? It comes in shades to suit every woolen or silk fabric that can be laid upon its glossy pile, has a richness that nothing else can give, and is the most flattering material known when worn by any complexion. Surely these are reasons sufficient to keep any fabric firm in the affections of the public.

Black velvet may be put with almost any color except brown. In using velvet and woolen materials together, a slightly darker shade of velvet enriches the appearance of the woolen dress goods. In using velvet cutters should remember to cut each piece so that the nap runs the same way.

For an elegant visiting gown one of the famous Parisian modistes will prepare a dark green camel's hair which must have a loose fan back, "broken" front, which simply means to drape it slightly, and panels of velvet on each side, over which the front edges are lapped after folding them like a plait.

The coat is a genuine Louis XV basque of the camel's hair, with flared collar, revers, large pockets, and high-topped sleeves of velvet. The pointed vest is of cream satin brocaded with pink flowers. The wrap is a Henri II cape, having a pink lining, velvet yoke, shoulder puffs, and Medici collar, with a passementerie of green and gold. Yellow tan suède gloves and a tiny bonnet of velvet, passementerie, and a pink pompon.

For plainer wear camel's hair, Henriettas, cheviots, and such goods have either entire sleeves, deep cuffs, or shoulder puffs of velvet, with revers, which are to be restored to favor, collar, belt, corselet, or coat pieces to match.

Yoke effects are very becoming of this material, as it brings it so near the face.

One, two, and even three panels are to be worn, also a deep facing of velvet on one side and the front, over which the "drop" skirt will be carelessly lifted on the right side. Borders will prevail on skirts, and it is a pretty fashion to edge all velvet accessories with the narrowest of silk gimps.

Dinner coats of velvet or silk, with velvet accessories, will be worn with silk, woolen, or lace skirts. These odd basques are stylishly set off with a vest of light brocade, or a plain crêpe plastron. Handsome pearl, gold, and silver buttons are used on these garments.

When in doubt as to what garniture to put on a dress take velvet of a fair quality, at least, or a good velveteen, but a poor velvet cannot be recommended for its wear or appearance. You can use much or little of it according to the length of your purse, and it never goes so entirely out of fashion as to be lost in the whirlpool of fashion's changes.

DESIGNS FOR NEW GOWNS.

One of the newest designs for skirts has the narrow front and four side gores, all close in fit and trimmed up the seams, which makes it a becoming style for a short figure, but is too striking for one not having many changes.

The skirts are, in truth, as close as they can fit, and yet here comes some French modistes who are sloping away the top of every seam until there is not a particle of fullness left except for three inches at the centre back at the beginning of the bias seam.

Many skirts are finished separately at the top from the lining skirt and finished with a band of gimp or silk girdle to slip over a round waist. Foundation skirts have two sets of drawing strings tying them back, and reeds have faded away into forgetfulness.

The *fin de siècle*, or bell skirt proper, has but one seam, that down the centre back, which is bias, fitting to the belt by five darts and a curved top. It "dips" in the back, where it is laid in three or four kilt plaits on each side turned toward

the centre, pressed, but not tacked in shape. Such skirts can only be made of material sufficiently wide to use it cross-wise.

Some of the prettiest bodices lap in front, and many of soft materials are shirred in the back, with only side and shoulder seams. Necks cut in the tiniest of V's, back and front, are charming on those possessing plump, white throats, and even then it is much better taste to wear such a design in the house than in the street.

Jacket bodices are on the top wave of success just now, whether cut square or round. The tiny fronts are of lace, passementerie, velvet, silk, wide sash ribbon, embroidery, etc. Short revers are made by turning the upper corners back, and another style has the upper part of the jacket fronts cut down to meet in a point over a plastron.

Plastrons, yokes, girdles, and corselets are all in style. Skirt borders are flat or of ruffles. A milliner's fold heading the hem is neat, also the narrow gimp so universally worn. Panels are coming in again, with the front lapped over it in some odd manner that detracts from the idea of a straight panel.

NOTES ON GLOVES.

A fad of the season is the use of yellow, pearl, white, and lavender chamois gloves, plain or stitched with black. They cannot be worn as close fitting as kid gloves as they are not elastic.

They soil easily, but the yellow and white especially wash well with a little care in using refined soap and drying on the hands to keep them in shape, if not the owner of glove lasts.

When gloves are laid away in a box they should be wrapped in paraffine tissue paper. Never lay gloves together, clean and soiled.

If gloves are even dampened with perspiration, pull them in shape, dry in the air, and pull in shape again.

Mend a break with cotton of the same shade. Gloves are stitched with cotton, "to make them wear longer," the glovers say.

Full evening length gloves in lavender

shades are fashionable and also hard to find in sizes larger than $6\frac{1}{4}$.

Do not clean gloves with benzine or the odor will cling forever and a day.

A new dressy glove has a point on the wrist, plain or embroidered.

EARLY FALL STREET COSTUMES.

A brown and tan-striped cheviot broken by golden yellow hair-lines has a fan back, "dip" skirt, cut up diagonally on the left side to show a panel of dark-brown cloth about ten inches wide at the bottom and tapering to a point fifteen inches below the belt, with the straight edge toward the back.

Across this panel and continuing to the belt are brown silk buttons and straps of inch-wide gimp the shade of the lighter brown in the fabric. The bodice is cut away from the neck, showing a vest arranged to correspond with the panel. The rolled-back cuffs, high and rolled collars are also of the plain brown. The basque is lengthened by a "habit" back and bias coat pieces eight inches deep.

Suits of navy-blue or dark-green, both of which will be in style, have a plain skirt without the extreme close fit now in vogue. One of these of camel's hair has the left side lapped over, with a folded edge and the hem on the outside of the pattern, with gimp at the top of the hem and continuing up the folded side.

The bodice is very short, pointed, cut away from the neck, plaits in place of darts, and the centre back at the waist-line fitted in the same manner. Coat pieces of the material, with collar and slender vest of yellow cloth bordered with the gimp. High sleeves having two rows of gimp on the wrists.

Gray gowns will still be trimmed with gray, silver, or black gimp. Green cloth vests in gray dresses will be a French notion. Black street suits will be enlivened by vests of yellow, green, or a purplish old rose shade. Coat basques will remain in favor, though many have "habit" back and hip pieces only.

Unfortunately there is every prospect of skirts still dipping in the back. "Broken" fronts will vie with those of a close fit. Diagonal effects in the front

of a bodice or skirt will probably be worn as much as the diagonal fabrics.

HOME DECORATION AND FANCY NEEDLEWORK.

DRAWER SACHET.

A DAINTY sachet just the thing for "baby's" drawer under the little dresses, is made of fine white linen folded and cut the size of the drawer in which it is to be placed. The upper side is then embroidered in a design of loops and bows among which are twined tiny sprays of flowers. Forget-me-nots in pale blues, the loops and bows in pink makes a very dainty sachet. Lay two thin sheets of cotton batting between the folds of linen, thickly sprinkled with orris powder, and sew carefully together. Bind the sachet with pink or blue silk cord. B.

PRETTY LAMP AND CANDLE SHADES.

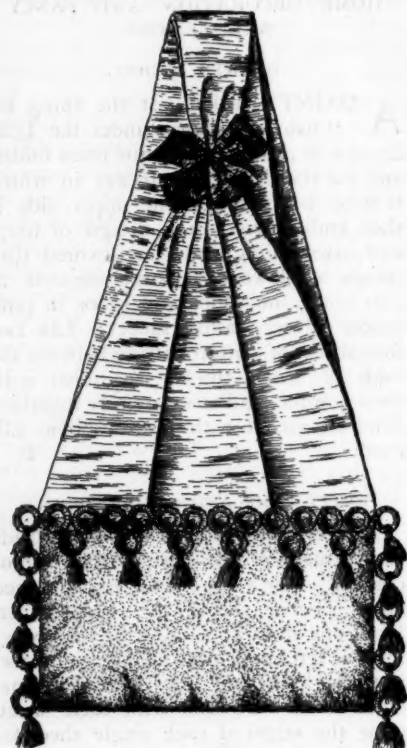
A pretty and inexpensive lamp-shade can be made of tissue-paper of any color desired. For a large lamp you will need about twelve sheets of tissue-paper. Hold one sheet at a time (the long way) in your left hand, drawing the right over it to the lower end until it is all in fine, close folds. Do this with each sheet. Glue the edges of each single sheet together, and when dry place one over the other, making the lower edges even, and extending beyond the edge of the wire about an inch. At the top of the wire frame is the neck. Around this tie a dainty ribbon the color of your tissue-paper, leaving a wide margin for crimped paper above; this should be arranged into a full ruching. Two colors or shades of paper are often used.

Little shades for candles are made in the same manner, but with deeper ruching at the top. B.

SHOPPING-BAG.

This engraving illustrates one of the latest designs for a shopping-bag. It is made of brown plush and gros-grained ribbon. The pocket measures four by six

and a half inches after it is finished. It is lined with pink silk. The rings have brown silk crocheted over them, and little tassels made of the same attached



Shopping-Bag.

to them. Three pieces of ribbon, three-quarters of a yard long and two inches wide, form the handle. The ends of these are fastened in between the plush and silk; they are caught together on the front with a bow of narrow brown ribbon, left loose at the bottom to slip the hand between them. The same style of a bag can be carried out for an opera-glass bag by using chamois in place of the silk. Larger ones for carrying small packages or slippers, etc., for parties can be made on the same plan. E. S.

DECORATED LACE.

A novel mode of decorating antique lace or *guipure d'art* is to paint the solid

figures and then outline the pattern with gold thread. This style of ornamentation looks particularly well when the lace is of a deep *écru* tint. The colors used may be either oil colors or dye paints. The latter will probably be found the most artistic as well as the most satisfactory, as in dye colors the pigments become part of the fabric to which they are applied and do not form cakes or splotches, as oil colors generally do.

This mode of decoration is especially appropriate for "art squares," as these can be used in a variety of ways, say, as covers for pincushions, centres for tidies, etc. They can thus be made to correspond with any kind of decoration or furniture in a room.

By the use of dye paints and gold thread an old piece of Nottingham lace can be freshened up wonderfully, and even a new piece can be made to look much better. Nottingham lace, at best, looks rather common, even if the patterns are quite effective. But it wears well, so that some little time spent in its improvement is not altogether thrown away. It might be worth while to evolve a dainty, Oriental-tinted splasher or scarf from a piece of curtain material, although it would scarcely pay to decorate a whole set of curtains. M. B. H.

DECORATED GINGHAM.

A novel mode of decorating gingham is to embroider it in cross-stitch, each stitch covering a square. Coarse embroidery or knitting-cotton is the thread used. The patterns are bold and effective, consisting of large stars, pyramids, arabesques, or any of the familiar Holbein designs. These may be worked over the white squares, over the dark, over the medium, or over all.

The writer has seen such decoration applied to common blue-and-white gingham made up in the form of kitchen aprons. But this seems decoration thrown away. It takes a long while to embroider a Greek key-band across the bottom of a cooking-apron, and when done it is only a cooking-apron after all. But this mode of decoration suggests unlimited possi-

bilities in the adornment of children's dresses, or even in the way of every-day house-gowns for their mothers. In other words, it means "elegant simplicity," or "plain living and high thinking."

Say that you have nothing prettier of which to make your little one a school-dress than a piece of ordinary brown-and-white gingham. This, however, has at least the merit of wearing well; it will outlast two or three cambrics or calicoes. It is worth while then to make it look better than it does, even at the expense of some time and labor. Very well, then. Procure some Turkey-red embroidery cotton and work around the neck, sleeves, and hem with "walls of Troy," or something similar. If you want to proceed rapidly, cover four squares of gingham at a time, instead of one, with large cross-stitch or Leviathan. When you have finished you can add one or more ribbon bows of a color to match the embroidery.

No doubt when you have finished one dress you will know how to make another with improvements on the original idea.

Gingham has long been used for curtains (where they were not expected to show); chair-covers (to be used while sweeping), etc. Now, why not make these things ornamental as well as useful—to invert a common saying? Almost everything else has been made so. Make the ugly articles pretty if you can, and then let them show. Think what you might do in the way of drapery, etc., with *pink* gingham, cross-stitched in white, pale-blue or deep garnet! Perhaps there are as many unsuspected possibilities in gingham as were discovered to be in crash and bed-ticking. Try and see.
M. B. H.

RECIPES.

MEAT SOUFFLÉ.—Make a smooth white sauce of two tablespoonfuls of butter, one heaping tablespoonful of flour, and two-thirds cup of milk. Season with chopped parsley and onion juice. While hot, add the beaten yolks of two eggs and one cup of any chopped meat. Boil a minute. When cool, stir in the beaten

whites of the eggs. Bake twenty minutes in a buttered dish and serve at once.

PRESSED CHICKEN.—Boil a chicken until very tender, then remove the meat from the bones and pick it in small bits with a fork. Put a layer of hard-boiled eggs, then a layer of chicken into a mold. Boil the broth to a jelly and pour it over the chicken, season with pepper and salt, and set on ice to cool. When ready to be used cut in slices and garnish with parsley.

CHICKEN TERRAPIN.—Boil a young chicken; cut in pieces and put in a stewpan with soup stock to cover. Stir in a quarter of a pound of butter and one beaten egg. Season with salt, pepper, and thyme; add two hard-boiled eggs cut up, and the juice of a lemon. Boil and serve with jelly.

SCALLOPED CHICKEN.—Mince remnants of chicken. Veal mixes well with chicken, and it is sometimes convenient to add to the dish in this way. Put a layer of chicken and a layer of rolled cracker or bread-crumbs, alternately, in a baking dish. Beat an egg in a cup and fill the cup with milk, or cream, if you can get it. Salt it, and pour it over the chicken. If this does not make moisture rise even with the top, add gravy or hot water enough to do it. Put lumps of butter on the top, and brown in the oven.

CREAM TOAST.—Cut your bread (baker's is best) into slices of medium thickness and toast a delicate brown. Butter, and place in a hot dish. Pour over them a dressing made of cream, thickened with a little flour or corn-starch, carefully stirred to prevent its becoming lumpy. Flavor with butter, pepper, and salt, and serve hot.

RELISH FOR LUNCHEON.—Heat some Boston crackers until crisp, then split and butter; sprinkle with grated cheese, having the cheese quite dry. Put on the grate of the oven and brown. Serve them very hot for luncheon or tea. Milk or soda crackers may be used if desired.

STUFFED EGGS.—Cut in two hard-boiled eggs, remove the yolks and mix with them cold meat of some sort, chicken, lamb, or veal, a little minced

onion, a bit of chopped parsley, a few bread-crumbs, season with salt and pepper to taste, have all chopped very fine and well mixed; bind together with the yelk of an egg, fill the cavities with this mixture, put the two halves together, roll in beaten egg and bread-crumbs, put in a wire basket and dip in boiling lard. Serve with pickles or ketchup. Nice for traveler's lunch.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE.—Over one ounce of best isinglass pour two and a half pints of boiling water and let it simmer down to one quart. Fit thin slices of sponge cake into the bottom of your mold so when turned out it will have the appearance of loaf-cake, and set it aside. Take one pint of rich cream, beat it until it becomes a stiff foam, and set this aside also. Now mix together two and a half pounds of loaf sugar (finely powdered), one pint of sweet milk, and the yolks of eight eggs. Season with vanilla, and make a custard over a sharp fire, stirring briskly all the time, until it becomes pretty thick, then add the jelly, which must be kept dissolved; keep stirring until it becomes thick; add the cream and pour over the mold.

BAVARIAN CREAM.—One-half box of gelatine, dissolve in five tablespoonfuls of cold water. Heat to boiling, one pint of fresh milk, add two tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar and stir till dissolved. Strain the gelatine through a piece of fine net into the hot milk and set it aside to cool and stiffen. Beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth, whip in two tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and eight drops of flavoring. When the gelatine mixture is perfectly cool and has begun to harden, beat until it is quite smooth, and then stir in two yolks, beaten very light. Lastly whip in the whites. Set on ice to cool and harden. Serve cold.

LEMON CUSTARD.—Four eggs (save the yelk of one for frosting), one cup of sugar, one of cold water, one lemon grated and its juice, a small piece of butter, one tablespoonful of corn-flour. Bake as a custard. When done, frost, and brown the frosting lightly. Serve when cold.

CALVES' FEET JELLY.—Boil four

calves' feet in two gallons of water until it comes to two quarts, then strain it, and when cool carefully skim off all the fat. Take up the jelly clean, leaving any settlings at the bottom, and put it into a saucepan with one pint of sherry wine, one pound of loaf sugar, the juice of four lemons, a teacupful of nice vinegar, and the whites of eight eggs beaten up; mix all together, set it on a clear fire and stir until it boils. After boiling, pour it through a bag until it runs clear. Have ready a large china bowl with slices of lemon peel in it, and pour in the jelly while warm.

GINGERBREAD.—One cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of butter, one-half cupful of molasses, one large spoonful of ginger, one cupful of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda; flour to make the batter very stiff. Bake in a long tin, spread rather thin.

HOT GINGERBREAD.—One cupful of molasses, one heaping tablespoonful of lard, three-quarters of a cupful of boiling water, a scant teaspoonful of soda, ginger, and salt. Flour, not too stiff.

GINGERBREAD.—One and one-half cupfuls of molasses, one cupful of milk, one teaspoonful of soda, one tablespoonful of butter. Put the ginger in the molasses. Flour sufficient to stiffen.

HARD SUGAR GINGERBREAD.—One cupful of butter, two cupfuls of sugar, four eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, a tablespoonful of yellow ginger. Make stiff with flour. Roll out and cut in squares.

SEED CAKES.—Two eggs, two cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of butter, a little soda in half a cupful of milk, one-half tablespoonful of seeds. Flour enough to roll easily. Bake ten or fifteen minutes.

SEED CAKES.—One cupful of butter, two cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of milk, a tablespoonful of seeds, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Flour to roll out.

RAISIN COOKIES.—One cupful of butter, one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, three eggs, one teaspoonful each of soda, cinnamon, and clove, a pinch of mace, flour to roll stiff, one cupful of chopped

and stoned raisins. Bake, and cover tightly as soon as taken from the pan.

JUMBLES.—One cupful of butter, two cupfuls of sugar, two eggs, one-half cupful of milk or cream, one-half teaspoonful of soda. Mix stiff, roll out, sprinkle with sugar, and cut in shapes.—*Good Housekeeping.*

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MISS NANCY.—Yes, a gentleman should always be introduced to a lady, never a lady to a gentleman.

ELLA T.—Pond Lily is said to be an excellent hair wash.

MISS S. JONES.—You can find the material you mention at Darlington's or Wanamaker's, in Philadelphia.

SCHOOL GIRL.—Have your gown of pale pink or blue grenadine or nun's veiling. Silk would be entirely too old for you. The simpler a young girl's gowns are the better.

B. M. S.—If you go as an improver, you cannot pick and choose your work, neither is it probable that an improver would have the best work given her. If you want to perfect yourself in the higher branches of your trade, you can only go to a first-class teacher of dressmaking, and inquire her terms for the particular lessons you require. No one will give these lessons in return for labor. Your friend will find that tailoresses are not in great demand for ladies' garments. It is a useful knowledge in connection with a good dressmaking business, but not alone. She had far better have a course of better-class dressmaking.

TWIG.—The cream and heliotrope damassé fabrics would make up together for an evening or theatre gown. I should use the white for the bodice and plain skirt, and the heliotrope for sleeves, frills, and trimmings generally. The very thin peach material would, with care, make a plain gown over saten matching the surah, and use this latter for high, full sleeves, tiny skirt flounces, collar, and shaped hip band. The black and white stripe make with a plain skirt and bias

hem of same. A coat bodice, edged black cord, and with one large opening or tab each side of a long white waistcoat, fastened with onyx buttons. This will be severe, but very stylish. The gray check would look well in plain tailor style with double-breasted coat bodice with opening for removable habit-fronts. It is really too late for the cream cotton. I should save that for next season. All the skirts will need foundations. The gray alpaca lustre would make a charming dust or traveling cloak, the hood lined with black silk, and the check silk a useful petticoat with frills. Your foundations must be very close and tight.

IVONNE.—Tan gants du suède are usually worn with black gowns, unless in mourning, when gray or white are preferable.

SURBITONIAN.—Have your cloth made up strictly in tailor style, and as you already have the straight coat and vest, I should advise a double-breasted New-market bodice for removable habit shirts, and have the cuffs and lapels faced velvet, and dark buttons. The tailor-made skirt does not "sweep" and is quite plain, and the back in well pressed tight plaits, either flat or one box-plait. You can rely upon this fashion lasting through next spring, and it will make a change from the other gown.

DEMOS.—Your skirt does not require alteration unless the black plaits are too voluminous, when you could remove some of the material. You could trim skirt about six inches from edge with blue and silver cord to imitate a hem, or could add a couple of narrow gathered flounces. Add a plain basque to meet coat-tails, and put large pockets with buttons on hips. Let out the extreme top of sleeves to form a pouff.

A. E. M.—Capes will certainly be worn throughout the autumn, as many handsome ones are nearly new, and are certain to be worn by their owners for some months to come. There is nothing newer for autumn wraps, and you cannot do better than use the cloth for a three-quarter cape with trimmings of gold and black.



ARTHUR'S
ILLUSTRATED
HOME MAGAZINE

TERMS:

One Copy, one year, postage free, . . .	\$1.50
Four months trial, " " " "50
Single Copy, " " " " " " " "15

Write for Club Rates and Terms to Agents.

ADVERTISING RATES:

One page, each insertion,	\$50.00
One-half page, each insertion,	25.00
One-quarter page, " " " " " " " "	15.00
Less than quarter page, per line,50

DISCOUNTS:

10% on six months' contract.
20% " twelve " " "

PUBLISHED BY

THE ARTHUR PUBLISHING COMPANY.

E. STANLEY HART, President.

JOSEPH P. REED, - - - Editor.

1891.

THIS year will long be remembered as the year of plenty. Nothing like it has been more than dreamed of since the seven years of plenty in the land of Egypt.

Wheat, corn, sugar, cotton, tobacco, fruit, and vegetables are more abundant in all parts of our country than ever before, and in some cases the railroads have not been able to handle the supply.

Our iron productions have at last exceeded those of England and Scotland combined.

We are also in a fair way to make all our own tin, shipments of which have already been made, and several new plants will be in full blast before 1892.

Our export trade has increased enormously—nearly fifteen million dollars at New York in the month of August. Our

850

national credit is so good that over twelve million dollars' worth of two per cent. government bonds were sold in September.

Our gold, silver, copper, and lead mines still lead the world, and are increasing their production each year.

Surely we have reason to be thankful that we are Americans and live in America.

THE EXPOSITION OF 1893.

In our November Magazine we will have the finest and handsomest article on the World's Columbian Exhibition that has yet been printed.

It has been prepared by our own correspondent with the assistance and co-operation of the department of Publicity and Promotion, at Chicago, and will be handsomely illustrated from photographs and architect's plans, so that our readers will be able to form a very correct idea of what an immense affair we are going to have in the "Windy City."

This will be only the introduction or beginning, as we propose from time to time giving all the latest information from Chicago, together with first-class pictures of all the prominent features, no matter what, as they are decided upon. This will enable our readers to know the Fair and all about it before it opens, so that when you do visit it, as I hope you all will in 1893, you will not need a guide-book.

Don't think, however, that we propose devoting all the Magazine to this point. This will be only one of the many new features we shall introduce.

We have our own correspondent now on the ground, and will keep one there until the close of this, the greatest exposition ever held.

This feature alone will be worth one

dollar and fifty cents to any family during the year 1892.

OUR MAGAZINE.

We cannot allow this number of the Magazine to go to press without thanking our friends all over the country for their efforts in our behalf.

We began modestly to print a few thousand extra copies of our July and August numbers. We again printed more of the September, and before the first day of the month our supply was exhausted. We are printing over *ten thousand* more copies of the October than we did of September, and will need every one of them. This is the kind of encouragement that we like to have, and we promise you that we will do all that is possible to still further improve our Magazine until we are satisfied with it ourselves.

The cost of furnishing such a Magazine is very much reduced by every thousand new subscribers we get, for the extra expense is only for the paper, printing, and postage, therefore every time our circulation doubles we can give nearly one-third more for the same money, so all you need to do is to get one new subscriber each and we can go on improving as long as it can be improved.

We are printing a Magazine, not a monthly newspaper filled with advertising.

A SCHOOL OF FICTION.

In the November number we propose to add a new department to our Magazine, in the nature of a School of Fiction. Such a project has been in the air for some months, and has been warmly recommended by such a master of the art of fiction as Walter Besant; but has not been practically elaborated, to any extent, in the leading magazines. The object of a School of Fiction is to point out to young writers their excellencies as well as their defects, and to explain to them why, when MSS. of apparently equal merit to the ordinary reader are offered for publication, the one is taken and the other left.

This department, which will be of interest to readers as well as to writers, will be conducted by several of the brightest writers of the present day, who have already made a name for themselves, and are regarded as having reached positions from which they can criticise the work of others unbiased by petty jealousy.

OUR CRITIC.

In our July Magazine we offered a prize of a year's subscription each month to the person finding the most typographical or other errors in any number of our Magazine. The following letter is from the prize-winner in August. We think she is hypercritical in some cases; however, it shows so much care and close attention that we publish her letter in full, with our humble apologies to our readers for so many errors. Who will get the next prize? Our proof-reader (who is disgusted with this letter) says October won't have one error. See if he tells the truth.

EDITOR ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.:

I send you a list of typographical errors in the Magazine for August:

- (1.) Page 590, 2d col., line 18, "I" is omitted between "there" and "realized."
- (2.) Page 626, 2d col., line 36, "seem" for "seems."
- (3.) Page 626, 2d col., line 45, "timidily" for "timidly."
- (4.) Page 630, 1st col., line 8, "purfume" for "perfume."
- (5.) Page 630, 2d col., last line, "she" is omitted after "know."
- (6.) Page 632, 2d col., line 31, "prickled" for "pricked."
- (7.) Page 635, 2d col., line 43, "Zoti" for "Zori."
- (8.) Page 638, 2d col., line 21, semicolon instead of comma after "or."
- (9.) Page 642, 1st col., line 40, "feality" for "fealty."
- (10.) Page 643, 1st col., line 49, "samples" for "sampler."
- (11.) Page 644, 2d col., line 5, comma is omitted after "it."

(12.) Page 644, 2d col., line 8, comma is omitted after "school-house."

(13.) Page 646, 1st col., line 40, "and" is omitted before "sec."

(14.) Page 646, 1st col., line 43, comma is omitted after "warm."

(15.) Page 646, 1st col., line 50, "too" for "to" (after "even").

(16.) Page 648, 1st col., line 10, "become" for "became."

(17.) Page 648, 1st col., line 51, "rampagious" is not in *Webster*.

(18.) Page 648, 2d col., 1st line, "whoever" instead of "whomever."

(19.) Page 650, 1st col., line 32, "sometime" instead of "sometimes."

(20.) Page 653, 2d col., line 4, "the" is inserted after "coat."

(21.) Page 655, 1st col., line 30, "with" is omitted after "lined."

(22.) Page 661, 1st col., line 16, "button-holding" instead of "button-holing."

(23.) Page 666, 2d col., line 26, "with" is omitted after "trim."

(24.) Page 666, 2d col., line 30, "with" is omitted after "trimmed."

(25.) Page 666, 2d col., line 48, "with" is omitted after "stitched,"

(26.) Page 673, 1st col., line 12, comma is omitted after "autumn."

(27.) Page 673, 2d col., line 10, comma is omitted after "academy."

(28.) Page 674, 2d col., line 39, comma is omitted after "season."

(29.) Page 674, 2d col., line 46, comma is inserted after "though."

(30.) Page 675, 2d col., 1st line, "weaved" instead of "woven."

(31.) Page 676, 1st col., line 10 of text, comma is omitted after "done."

(32.) Page 676, 2d col., line 34, "peninsula" instead of "peninsulas."

Permit me to say that the search has been interesting and *profitable*, whether I receive the subscription or not.

Very respectfully yours,

MARY E. RIDENOUR,

ETNA, LICKING CO., OHIO.

OUR BOARD OF TRADE.

1. Letters for this department must be marked "Board of Trade," and addressed to ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, Philadelphia.

2. Give full name and address and also some *nom de plume* or initials to be signed to notice.

3. No one but *bona-fide* subscribers are allowed to use this column, but to all our subscribers it is free of all expense, except all letters must enclose stamps for reply or forwarding.

The publishers of this Magazine hereby offer a prize of fifty dollars for the best design for a new title-page or front cover, the words *Arthur's New Home Magazine, Illustrated*, to be prominently displayed. Table of contents, date, etc., to be arranged as best suited to design. All to be printed in one color.

Designs must be received by November 15th.

Wanted to Sell.

I have a long watch chain to sell; it is rolled gold, good weight, has been worn but little. Price, \$8. Also a blue-black cloth cloak, worn one winter, is not soiled in the least, size 34. Price, \$10. —*Necessity*.

Wanted to sell. Old coins in silver and copper.—*Delta*.

I have a variety of silk pieces, brocades, and satins, some hand-painted, that I would exchange for soap box. Kindly state number of pieces required, style preferred, etc.—*Sick Chair*.

For Sale.

The following original pass from General Grant is for sale by an old lady who needs the money. How much is bid for it?—*Ed*.

HEADQUARTERS, IRONTON.

August 11, 1861, Mo.

Mr. Geo. Frew and family have permission to leave here for St. Louis.

U. S. GRANT,

Brig.-Gen. Com.

Wanted to Buy

Copies of ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE for February, March, and April, 1891, at fifteen cents each, or exchanged for any other month of the year.



BY HENRY COLLINS WALSH.

NEW BOOKS.

MR. HENRY RUSSELL WRAY'S neat little volume, *The Legend of Llam and Other Bits of Verse*, contains some thirty odd poems, all readable, and many very clever, indeed. There's a notable success in Mr. Wray's songs of sentiment, as in *Love at First Sight*, *A Photograph*, *A St. Valentine Anniversary*, and *My Proxy*. The four sonnets in the volume are also well constructed.

Mr. Wray is an artist-poet well known in Philadelphia artistic and literary circles, being a member of the oldest art club in America—The Philadelphia Sketch Club.

A poem and sketch of his appears on page 780 of this Magazine.

The Open Door. By Blanche Willis Howard. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Publishers.—After reading Miss Howard's *One Summer*, *The Open Door* is somewhat of a surprise. A great deal of interest surrounds a small yellow dog, who is described as being an insolent, bad-tempered little cur, and his mistress, to whom the same adjectives may be applied. One could wish that there was more of Count Hugo, the cripple, and less of such side characters as the Frau Major and the Maid Röschen, but the book is one which is not easily forgotten.

The Woman's Club is a practical guide and hand-book on the subject of the various social organizations for women, prepared by Oliver Thorne Miller. (New York: John W. Lovell & Co.) It tells, among other clubs of the seed-sowing kind, the "club of culture," the "reforming club," and the "uplifting club."

It is only another evidence of the interest being taken in this subject, a larger portion of which was started by an article in the July number of this Magazine.

Japanese Girls and Women. By Alice Mabel Bacon. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Publishers.—Although we cannot fail to be glad that we do not belong to them, this account of Japanese women and how they live is extremely interesting. The book is well written, clear, and gives a better idea of the home-life of the Japanese than is often found, for the people she writes of have the author's affection and sympathy.

The Block-House on the Shore. By Mrs. M. E. Ireland. American Baptist Publication Society.—This book belongs to that class of juvenile literature which, as Charles Dudley Warner says, "hasn't as much character as a dried-apple pie." It is a class we sincerely trust is gradually dying out, as it cannot fail to give all readers a strained,

unnatural view of life, and be injurious in its effects.

Maid Marian. By M. Elliot Seawell. D. Appleton & Co., Publishers.—Volumes of short stories are, as a rule, very disappointing; but the stories contained in the book entitled *Maid Marian* are all interesting, bright, and very well written. "The Sea Fortunes of Dickey Carew," "Little Missy," and "A Virginia Colonel," are the best of the collection, though they are all well worth reading.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

MELVILLE D. LANDON, better known as "Eli Perkins," has put the result of his experiences of thirty years on the lecture platform in a volume which the Cassell Publishing Company, New York, will soon have ready for publication. Mr. Landon has not only put his own good stories into this book, but he has put the good stories that he has heard told by all of the well-known men whom he has met in the course of his professional career. In his acknowledgment, Mr. Landon says that he has listened to thousands of anecdotes, reminiscences, and funny experiences from the lips of the following witty, wise, and eloquent thinkers, now dead, among them Abraham Lincoln, Charles Sumner, Generals Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Admiral Farragut, Beecher, Roscoe Conkling, Garfield, Wendell Phillips, W. R. Travers, Artemus Ward, Nasby, Josh Billings, and John G. Saxe. Among the living, Chauncey M. Depew, General Butler, Horace Porter, G. W. Curtis, Jay Gould, Eugene Field, Mark Twain, O. W. Holmes, Bret Harte, and John Habberton have helped to make the pages of this book living reading.

Harper & Brothers' announcement of publications in October, includes *The Warwickshire Avon*, by A. T. Quiller-Couch, profusely illustrated from drawings by Alfred Parsons; *Literary Landmarks of Edinburgh*, by Laurence Hutton, illustrated by Joseph Pennell; *Art and Criticism*, a series of monographs and studies, by Theodore Child; *Studies in the Wagnerian Drama*, by Henry E. Krehbiel; *The Boy Travelers in Northern Europe*, by Thomas W. Knox; *The Spanish American Republics*, by Theodore Child; and *American Foot-Ball*, by Walter Camp, illustrated with thirty-two portraits. They will also issue very shortly the first volume to appear of *The Collected Writings and Memoirs of the late Field-Marshal Count Helmuth Von Moltke*, which describes the Franco-German war of 1870-71.

One of the sensations of the year in the book world will be Max O'Rell's new volume of travels, called *A Frenchman in America*, which will be published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York, late in October. Max O'Rell has not repeated himself in this book. It is all as fresh and racy as though he had never written a line about America before. In this book he gives the humorous side of his experiences as a lecturer, and he has a good deal to say about the people whom he has met, both the interesting and uninteresting ones.

Frank D. Millet, in *Harper's Magazine* for October, will relate one of his thrilling experiences while a war correspondent in Bulgaria during the Russo-Turkish war in 1877. His courier failing to appear after a disastrous engagement with the enemy, he was obliged to carry to Bucharest himself the account of the battle for the newspaper he was serving. The incidents which occurred during his dangerous ride are graphically illustrated with his own sketches, some of which were made at the time.

Walter McDougall, who has made an enviable reputation as the cartoonist of the *New York World*, has written a novel, which is his first attempt in the line of fiction. It is somewhat in the Rider Haggard vein, though it has more an air of probability than the stories of that writer. Mr. McDougall calls his novel *A Hidden City*, and in it he describes a city and its inhabitants supposed to be somewhere among the cañons of the Yosemite.

The Century has had in preparation for a year or two a series of illustrated articles on "The Jews in New York," written by Dr. Richard Wheatley. They deal with many phases of the subject, including occupations, festivals and feasts, family life and customs, charities, clubs, amusements, education, etc. Dr. Wheatley has gathered the materials for these papers in long and close study, and he has had the assistance of several well-known Hebrews.

Wolcott Balestier, who has collaborated with Rudyard Kipling in the new novel which *The Century* will publish, is a young American now living in London. He is a writer and a business man as well, being a member of the recently organized firm of Heinemann & Balestier, of Leipsic, which is publishing a series of copyrighted English

and American novels on the continent of Europe in the fashion of the Tauchnitz editions.

Since the publication of the article on "Women's Clubs," by Miss Wharton, in our July Magazine, nearly every prominent magazine and newspaper in the country has had something to say on the subject, quite a number being handsomely illustrated. Miss Wharton is now engaged in writing an article for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE on the opportunities offered to women for earning money.

Miss Alice M. Fletcher, of the United States Interior Department and the Peabody Museum, Cambridge, will contribute to *The Century* in 1892 the results of her studies of the American Indian in a series of illustrated papers. They will give an intimate account of how the Indian actually lives and thinks, his music, home life, warfare, hunting customs, etc.

Angelina W. Wray, whose remarkable poem—remarkable for a girl of eighteen—entitled "The Three Sisters," attracted so much attention in literary circles a year or more ago, will contribute another poem, "Interpreted," to the October number of *Harper's Magazine*.

Harper's Magazine for October will contain short stories by Richard Harding Davis and Hildgarde Hawthorne, a granddaughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne.

PLEASANT EMPLOYMENT AT GOOD PAY.

The publishers of *Seed-Time and Harvest*, an old-established monthly, determined to greatly increase their subscription lists, will employ a number of active agents for the ensuing six months at \$50 PER MONTH or more if their services warrant it. To insure active work an additional cash-prize of \$100 will be awarded the agent who obtains the largest number of subscribers. "The early bird gets the worm." Send four silver dimes, or twenty 2-cent stamps with your application, stating your age and territory desired, naming some prominent business man as reference as to your capabilities, and we will give you a trial. The 40 cents pays your own subscription and you will receive full particulars.

Address SEED-TIME AND HARVEST,
LA PLUME, PA.

HE DIDN'T REPENT.

A Western youngster, who had taken the liberty of "running off" one day, was given a reprimand by his mother, and, when bed-time came, to still further impress upon him the enormity of his offense, the parent suggested that he ask forgiveness in his prayers. Young America showed more shrewdness than penitence, however, and the mother was startled when she heard, "O Lord! please forgive Willie for running away to-day, and—you had better forgive me for two times, for I 'spect I'll go to-morrow!"

NOT UNCOMMON.

"Now that I have stated them, sir, don't you think my aims are lofty?"

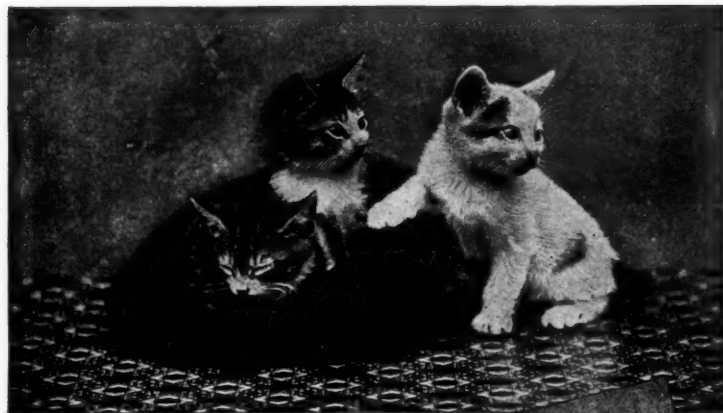
"Yes, Mr. Hicks. Your aims are all right, but you are a very bad shot."—*Judge*.

HE KNEW IT.

Simpson—"Why didn't you take a chance at that cake at the church fair? Were you afraid?"

Sampson—"Yes; it was one my wife baked."
—*Brooklyn Life*.

ANTICIPATION



EXPECTATION



REALIZATION



THE THREE LITTLE KITTENS' THANKSGIVING.